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The TATLER

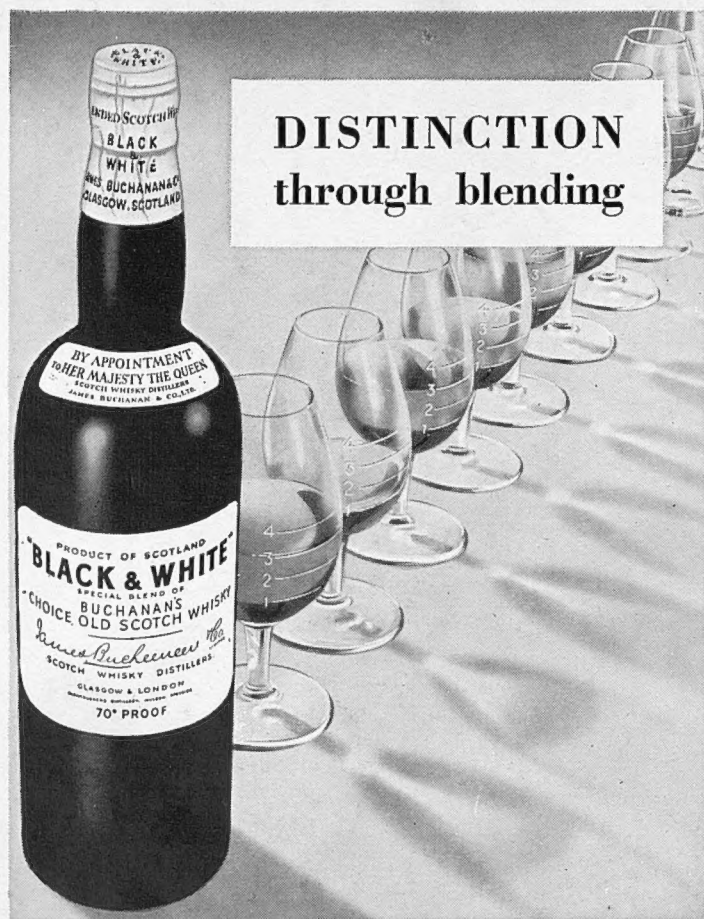
JAN. 1 1958

& BYSTANDER



TWO SHILLINGS

IN THIS ISSUE —
NATIONAL BOAT SHOW



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JUNE 30 Norwegian Fjords and Northern Capitals	18 DAYS
JULY 19 Gibraltar, Villefranche, Messina (for Taormina) & Palma	13 DAYS
AUGUST 2 Ceuta, Naples (for Rome) and Barcelona	14 DAYS
AUGUST 17 Palma, Istanbul, Phaleron Bay (for Athens) & Lisbon	19 DAYS

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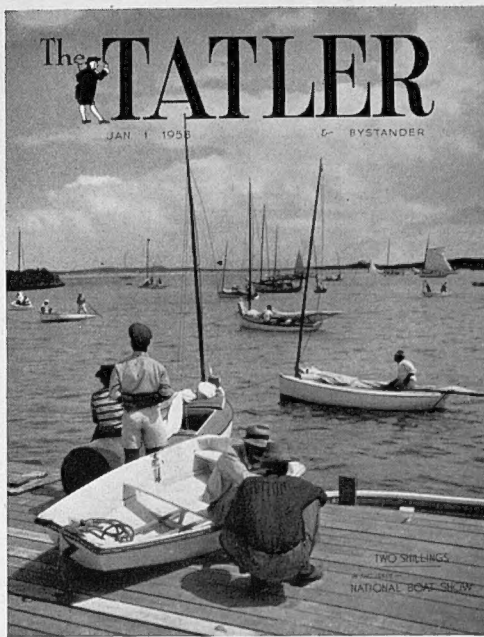
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THE NATIONAL BOAT SHOW, which opens at Olympia today and continues until January 11, is a pleasant reminder to many sailing enthusiasts that a new season lies ahead. The joys of sun, sea, and messing about in boats are also summed up in our cover this week, which shows a landing stage in the Bahamas. Reflected in the limpid blue water are the small rowing boats and typical small sailing craft used by the Bahamians. In Nassau and the outer islands regattas are held from now onwards in a yachtsman's paradise; a new yacht basin is now being made at Lyford Cay, in Nassau

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 1 to January 8

- Jan. 1 (Wed.)** New Year's Day.
Fourth National Boat Show (to 11) at Olympia.
Steeplechasing at Plumpton and Manchester.
- Jan. 2 (Thu.)** Good Counsel Ball, for those in their teens, in aid of the Society of Our Lady of Good Counsel, at the Town Hall, Chelsea.
Steeplechasing at Manchester and Ayr.
- Jan. 3 (Fri.)** First night: *Tosca* at Sadler's Wells Theatre.
Young People's Dance at the Hurlingham Club.
New Forest Spinners Ball at the New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst.
The Suffolk County Ball at the Athenæum, Bury St. Edmunds.
Hunt Balls: South and West Wilts Hunt Ball at Fonthill House, Tisbury; the Pytchley Hunt Ball at Holdenby House, Northampton.
Steeplechasing at Ayr and Windsor.
- Jan. 4 (Sat.)** Exhibition: Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, "The Age of Louis XIV" (to March 9), at Burlington House.
Rugby Football: England v. The Rest at Twickenham; Wales v. Australia (Wallabies) at Cardiff.
Steeplechasing at Windsor and Leicester.
- Jan. 5 (Sun.)**
- Jan. 6 (Mon.)** Twelfth Night.
Twelfth Night dinner dance in aid of the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons.
Steeplechasing at Leicester.
- Jan. 7 (Tue.)** Dance: Young People's Ball at Londonderry House, 9 to 12.30 p.m., in aid of the League of Pity.
- Jan. 8 (Wed.)** Steeplechasing at Hurst Park.

IN LONDON NOW HOLIDAY SHOWS

"PUSS IN BOOTS" (Theatre Royal, Stratford)

Cat-lovers and the nostalgic alike will find a pilgrimage to the East richly rewarded

"KING CHARMING" (Player's)

Planche's extravaganza of 1850 produced with a true flair for Victoriana

PANTOMIMETEATER (Prince's)

Fascinating import from Copenhagen, with a strong flavour of the Commedia dell'Arte

"THE WATER BABIES" (Hogarth Puppets: Lyric, Hammersmith)

Forty giant puppets in a riveting adaptation of Kingsley's tale

"NEW CLOTHES FOR THE EMPEROR" (Arts) (Matinées only)

A Hans Andersen favourite whose stage rendering will delight the children

"PETER PAN" (Scala)

Margaret Lockwood in the play the years burnish, but do not wear out

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Old Vic)

Contrast (among other virtues) yields a perfect midwinter entertainment

"THE TEMPEST" (Theatre Royal, Drury Lane)

Sir John Gielgud uses the voice that recently shook the Paris critics, to give a superb interpretation of Prospero

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" (Palladium)

A mighty bolt loosed to defend traditional panto, with Arthur Askey as the Dame

"NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Prince's) (Matinées only)

The full whirl of the Enid Blyton world, guaranteed to hypnotize the young

"THE NUTCRACKER" (Festival Hall)

The Festival Ballet in a new production, with Tchaikovsky's thistledown music

"THESE FOOLISH KINGS" (Victoria Palace)

The Crazy Gang's offering, which seems likely to run for ever

"WINTER WONDERLAND" (Empire Pool, Wembley)

Overseas skating stars in an ice fantasy glittering with new ideas

"FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY" (Apollo)

Second year of a revue still kept up to the minute in its topical allusions

"SALAD DAYS" (Vaudeville)

The discernment of the younger set has made this revue a most remarkable stayer

"SHARE MY LETTUCE" (Comedy)

Another lighthearted revue, fresh and crisp as its vegetable patronymic

"AT THE DROP OF A HAT" (Fortune)

Unique two-man entertainment by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. A wider public soon followed the first delighted initiates

"GRAB ME A GONDOLA" (Lyric)

The musical that put the mink bikini firmly on the satirical map

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE" (Criterion)

A light conjugal comedy, with plenty of incident and many laughs

"FREE AS AIR" (Savoy)

Delightful fine-spun revue, whose points, nonetheless, do rather more than tickle

"THE BOY FRIEND" (Wyndham's)

The grown-ups' "Peter Pan" and likely (it seems) to be as durable

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS (Olympia)

For myriads this is the spectacular, exciting heart of the holiday

TOM ARNOLD'S CIRCUS (Harringay)

Here circus-sophisticates may be seen in battalions, training-on their young

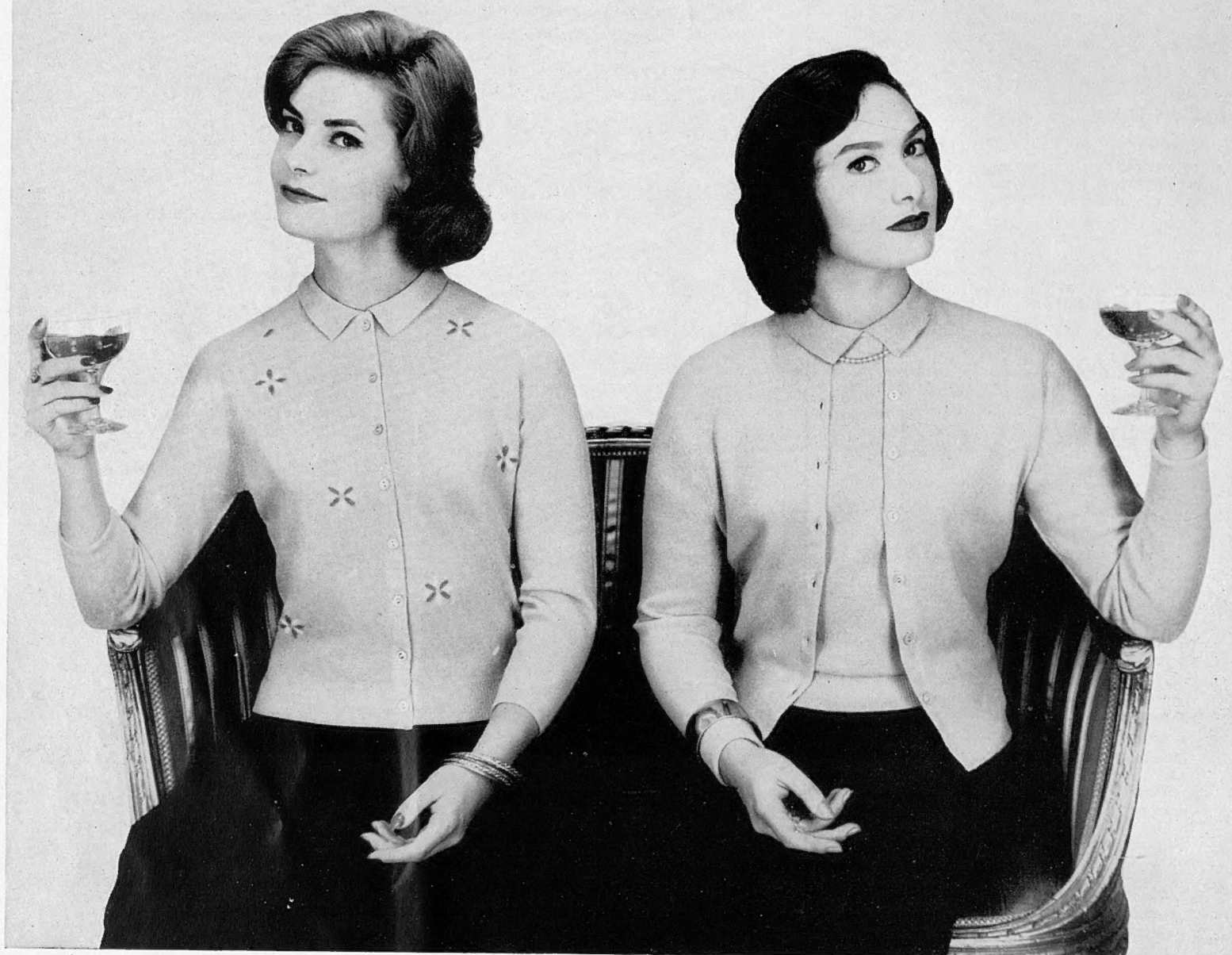
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F. J. Goodman

Personalities of the yachting world

MR. HUGH GOODSON is chairman of the syndicate which is building the 12-metre yacht *Sceptre* with which the Royal Yacht Squadron is challenging for the America's Cup next year. He is the son of the late Sir Alfred Lassam Goodson who was also a member of the R.Y.S., and brother of the present baronet. He succeeded his father as Commodore of the Royal Dart Yacht Club and was for many years a member of the Council of the Royal Yachting Association. Last summer Mr. Goodson was chairman of the Sailing

Committee which organized the Lisbon Race, and travelled to Lisbon in H.M.S. *Venus*. There with his colleagues he finished this epic race at Santa Marta off the Portuguese capital. During his yachting career Mr. Goodson has been the winner of many well-known classic races in this country, and two years running won the International 12-metre Cup at le Havre. Mrs. Goodson was formerly Miss June Patricia Hunter. Her grandfather, who lived at Gilling Castle in Yorkshire, was also a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron

COUSIN OF THE QUEEN MARRIES

MR. and MRS. DAVID LIDDELL-GRAINGER are seen leaving St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, where they were married last month. The bride, formerly Miss Anne Abel Smith, eldest daughter of Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith and Lady May Abel Smith, is a cousin of H.M. the Queen, who was present at the marriage with H.M. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands



Social Journal

Jennifer

A WINDSOR CASTLE WEDDING

HER Majesty the Queen and H.M. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands headed the list of Royal guests at the marriage of Mr. David Liddell-Grainger, only son of the late Capt. Henry Liddell-Grainger and Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, to Miss Anne Abel Smith, elder daughter of Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith. Others were the Queen Mother, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester with Prince William and Prince Richard, the Duchess of Kent with Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael, Princess Sibylla of Sweden, Princess Andrew of Greece and that much loved and gracious lady, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, grandmother of the bride.

The wedding took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with the reception in the Waterloo Chamber of Windsor Castle (which the Queen had kindly lent for the occasion), where Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, and Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, received the guests, who numbered about 600.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of champagne coloured satin, and her long Brussels lace train was held in place by a gold and diamond tiara. Her three pages, Christopher Abel Smith, Brook Kitchin and Ian Campbell, wore the kilt with silk shirts. The three child bridesmaids, Rosie Orde-Powlett, Sisi Stewart and Marilyn Tabor, with the eight older bridesmaids, Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, her sister Princess Irene of the Netherlands, Princess Christina of Sweden, the bride's sister Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, Countess Victoria Cassel, Miss Angela Bowlby, Miss Diana

Birkbeck, and Miss Bridget des Graz, all wore dresses of gold coloured organza with head-dresses of dove grey velvet and carried little velvet muffs to match on which were small sprays of orchids and spring flowers. The whole effect of this colouring was delightful on a winter's afternoon which was happily fine, though cold.

★ ★ ★

WITH the opening of the National Boat Show at Olympia this week, the thoughts of many will turn to next season's sailing.

The big excitement of the yacht racing world this year will surely be our challenge for the America's Cup. It is twenty-one years since Sir Thomas Sopwith challenged for this Cup with his fine boat Endeavour. This year we are in the lists again; but this time it is not a lone, personal attempt, but a challenge by the Royal Yacht Squadron of Great Britain. This challenge differs from all previous ones. It is the first time that the building of the challenger has been sponsored by a syndicate, and not by an individual. Its members, who all belong to the R.Y.S., consist of Mr. Hugh Goodson, as chairman, and Mr. Herman Andrae, Mr. Bertram Currie, Mr. Loel Guinness, Major Harold Hall, Sir Peter Hoare, Major Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan, Viscount Runciman and Mr. Charles Wainman.

Mr. Goodson has frequently emphasized the national character of this challenge; personalities do not count; it is a joint effort in which the whole country is behind the Squadron in its attempt to regain what has become a much coveted national trophy. Sceptre, the potential challenger, is now building on the Clyde to the design of David Boyd.

and after her launch at the end of March will have her initial trials in Scotland.

The first challenge from this country for the America's Cup was made over a hundred years ago, in 1851, with a boat called Aurora. Since then there have been sixteen challenges (all, alas, unsuccessful), including five by the late Sir Thomas Lipton with his famous Shamrocks. For this latest challenge by the R.Y.S., we have come to terms over conditions of the race with the New York Yacht Club, whose Commodore is Mr. Burr Bartram, and negotiations have been made here by their spokesman Commodore Sears.

Sceptre will sail to the Solent in mid-April, and then, a little later on, probably to Poole for trials throughout May and June against Mr. Owen Aisher's fine boat Evaine in all weathers, trying out sails, crew, etc. She will be shipped to the United States about mid-July in a liner; then will start her trials in the U.S. (Evaine is going, too), until the great week arrives. The first race of the series of seven is due to take place off Rhode Island, U.S., on September 20, with further races on the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, unless there is some last-minute alteration.

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So many evenings have already been booked for débutante dances during 1958 that I am now publishing my first list of débutante balls and small dances. This is mainly to enable hostesses, who have not already fixed a date, to avoid clashing. In our débutante number on February 19, I will be giving a full and detailed list of girls making their début, also the débutante cocktail parties arranged as well as details of the dances, together with all the other social dates.

Dates already fixed are April 24, Mrs. George Frost; April 30, Mrs. Prideaux; May 1, Mrs. Alec Mason; May 9, Mrs. Twining and Mrs. Bradshaw jointly; May 10, Mrs. Henry Wenger; May 12, the Hon. Lady Lowson; May 17, Mrs. Denis Griffiths; May 20, Mrs. Callender and Mrs. Hugh Fletcher jointly; May 21, Lady Eden; May 22, Mrs. Steinberg; May 27, the Earl of Dudley for his niece; May 28, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Bathurst-Norman, Mrs. H. Bathurst-Norman and Mrs. Edward Windley jointly; May 29, Mrs. Brian Gooch; May 30, Mrs. Diana Turner; May 31, Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. T. Whitaker jointly.

June 3, Mrs. Gerald Hamilton and Mrs. Algernon Sladen jointly; June 5, Lady Rosemary Rubens; June 6, Mrs. "Buster" Andrews, Mrs. Jim Chittle and Mrs. Kirk jointly, also Mrs. Paul Goudine; June 7, Mrs. Clive Pearson and Mrs. Michael Smiley jointly; June 10, Mrs. Gerald McCarthy; June 11, the Hon. Mrs. Casey, also Mrs. George Tilney and Mrs. Tim Hinde jointly; June 12, Mrs. Riley-Smith; June 13, Mrs. Bryan Durant, also Mrs. H. R. Norman; June 14, Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes; June 16, Mrs. Derek Hague and Mrs. Ian Skimming jointly; June 17, Mrs. Versen; June 20, the Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Norman; June 21, Mrs. V. A. Deuchar; June 23, Mrs. Graham Nicoll; June 24, the Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher; June 25, Mrs. Peter Foster; June 27, the Marchioness Townshend; June 28, Lady Keane and Mrs. Billy Grazebrook jointly, also Mrs. William Mather; June 30, the Dowager Countess of Lauderdale for her granddaughter.

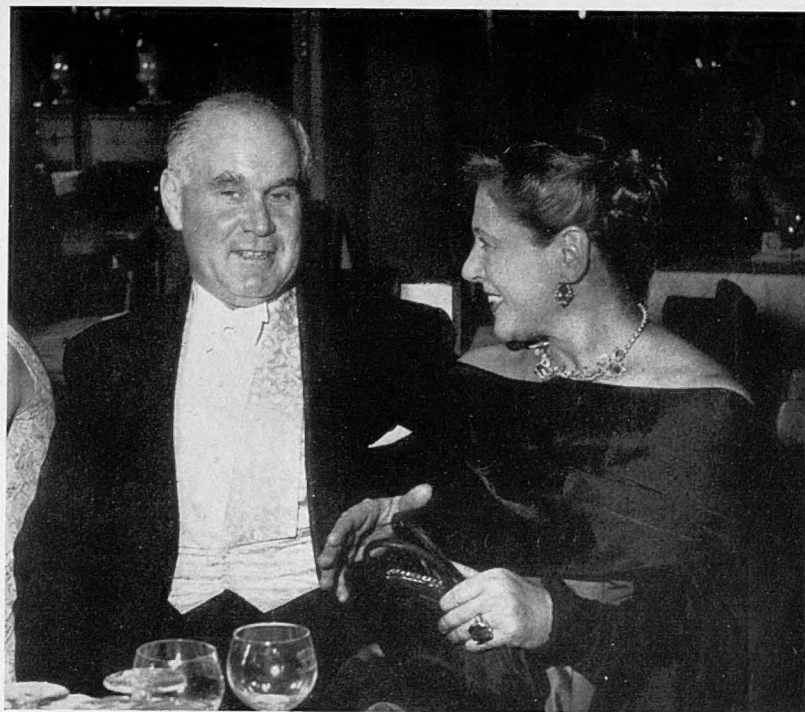
July 3, Mrs. Arthur Nicolle; July 4, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills; July 7, Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger; July 9, the Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme; July 10, Lady Edith Foxwell and Lady George Scott jointly; July 11, Lady Des Voeux and Mrs. Douglas Pilkington jointly; July 12, Mrs. Anthony Kershaw; July 14, Mrs. Crosbie; July 16, Mrs. Kent-Taylor; July 18, Mrs. Jock Hunter and Mrs. Uvedale Lambert jointly; July 19, Mrs. Hay Gurney; July 26, Mrs. Selwyn Jepson and Mrs. Trevelyen Napier jointly, also Mrs. Peter Adams; July 29, Mr. Robert Mathias for his granddaughter.

August 2, the Hon. Lady Stucley and Viscountess Boyne jointly; August 9, Mrs. Alastair Balfour; September 6, Mrs. Roy Smith; September 19, the Hon. Mrs. Lane Fox; September 26, Mrs. Eric St. Johnston; October 2, Lady Hayter and Mrs. du Pree jointly; October 3, Mrs. Charles Woods; October 4, Lady Hyde Parker; October 10, Mrs. Turton and Mrs. Craven-Smith-Milnes jointly; October 24, Mrs. Longland; November 19, Mrs. Edward Butler Henderson and Mrs. Neill Butler Henderson jointly.

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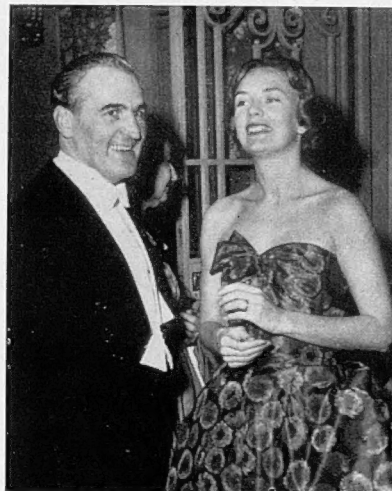
MRS VERNON POPE as chairman once again did a splendid piece of organization in running the very successful Cresta Ball which took place at the Savoy. This was a very cheery affair, the most amusing interlude being the toboggan races on small wooden skeletons across the dance floor at midnight. It was good to see so many familiar faces, famous in St. Moritz during the winter sports season—foremost among them Lord Brabazon of Tara, a former President of the St. Moritz Toboggan Club, who has ridden the famous Cresta Run for many years.

The present President, W/Cdr. Douglas Connor, one of the most brilliant riders in the history of the Cresta and at the moment holder of most of the records, was also there. He sat at Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Pope's table, and during the evening he announced that wires of good wishes from St. Moritz all gave the good news that the first snow had fallen there! Lt.-Col. Jimmy Coats had a party including the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Hazlerigg.



A BALL FOR LIBERALS

THE LIBERAL BALL at the May Fair Hotel was attended by over five hundred guests, who were received by Mrs. Clement Davies and Mrs. Greville Collins. Above: Lord Stamp and Mrs. Patrick Brunner, ball chairman



Mr. Oliver Smedley was with Miss Sheila Parnell



Mr. Andrew Grimond and Miss Catherine Shuckburgh



Mr. Jo Grimond, leader of the Liberal Party, with Mrs. Lort Phillips

A. V. Swaabe



The Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford with the Earl of Carnarvon



Lord and Lady Roderick Pratt and Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin (right)



Ann Lady Orr-Lewis and Mr. Billy Wallace with Mrs. Robin McAlpine



The Hon. Penelope Dewar, Miss Dawn Lawrence and Mr. John Mackinnon

Other St. Moritz personalities I saw were Mr. Fairchilds MacCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. John Crammond, the Hon. Derek and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon who with his father had a big party, the Hon. Mark Tennyson, Mr. Serge Ovsievsky who delighted everyone by organizing the Cresta Firework, and Mr. Keith Schellenberg. There were a great number of young people present. I met Mr. Rayner dancing with his mother Lady Rayner, Mr. Victor Pope in his parents' party, and also Miss Cherry Huggins, Miss Susan Gordon dancing with Mr. Alistair Samson, Miss Kristin Krabbe and her brother, and Miss Jane Fairey and her brother, who had a party of young friends including Miss Joanna Smithers and Mr. Richard Craig. Many of those present at this ball will soon be out in St. Moritz (where they run at some hotels such a very advantageous Services Scheme) taking part in the Commonwealth Winter Games beginning on January 14, or racing on the Cresta. Others who go a little later will be there for the St. Moritz Cresta Ball which has been arranged to take place at the Palace Hotel on February 15.

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I WENT to a reception given by the Anglo-Brazilian Society at Canning House in honour of the new Brazilian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Senhor Francisco de Assis Chateaubriand Bandeira de Mello. H.E. received the guests with the chairman of the Society, Sir Donald Gainer, and Lady Gainer. They included the founder President of the Society, Senhor Moniz de Aragão, and Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragão, Sir Arthur Evans with Lady Evans, Senhor Antonio Castello-Branco Filho, Senhor Gastao Nothman—"Bobby" to all his friends of which he has a large circle, having lived in London a number of years—Senhor Frederico Chermont Lisboa, Count Alexandre de Lasta, Senhora Dona Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Ellis and a number of other members of the Society. The new Ambassador is a dynamic personality who is soon certain to have a host of friends in London.

From here I went on to a delightful cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. David McCall in their charming and very spacious Albert Court flat, where I found many friends from the racing world including the Hon. Anthony Samuel and his wife who have just returned from America. Later I went to another cocktail party in Wilton Place; my charming hosts this time were the Hon. Graham and Mrs. Lampson, the latter looking most attractive in grey faille. Here among friends I met the Italian Ambassador Signor Zoppi, a very popular member of the Diplomatic Corps, the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Candiotti, Admiral Sir Alan Scott-Moncrieff just back from Hong Kong where he was C-in-C. Pacific Command, talking to Mrs. Caddle, Lady Scott-Moncrieff, Lady Hacking who came alone as Lord Hacking was in Scotland on a business trip, and Sir Berkeley Gage, our former Ambassador in Bangkok, and Lady Gage.

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NEXT evening the Hon. William and Mrs. Watson-Armstrong gave a very gay party in their charming Knightsbridge home in honour of Mrs. Watson-Armstrong's mother, Mme. Paul Ruegger, who had flown over for a few days to see her daughter and son-in-law before they departed on a trip to South Africa. Mme. Ruegger had only just returned from a visit to India where she accompanied her husband, M. Paul Ruegger, who was attending the fourteenth International Red Cross Conference in Delhi. As head of the delegation he was given the rank of "Ambassadeur Extraordinaire et Plenipotentiaire." Mme. Ruegger was looking very chic and extremely well. On the Sunday night I went to yet another cocktail party, this time given by that charming host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell in their

Chester Street home, in honour of members of the Canadian trade delegation who were returning to their own country two days later. Here I met Mr. Gordon Churchill, chairman of the mission, that delightful personality Mr. James Duncan of Toronto, whom I had met previously in Nassau. He and his family were spending Christmas at home and then flying down to their house on the Roundhill Estate near Montego Bay for some sunshine. I also met Mr. MacLaghlin, Mr. H. A. Cresswell and Mr. Humphrey Style, all from Toronto too. Mr. Style's daughter Ingrid is coming over to England this summer to study art at the Slade School.

Other guests at this delightful party included Viscount Knollys, just back from a business trip to South and North America, Mr. Leslie and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, Mr. Henry Tiarks, Mr. Reginald Maudling, M.P., the Postmaster-General, and Mrs. Maudling, the Dowager Marchioness of Bute and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck.

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Miss Frances Sweeney and Mr. John Wauchope at the Loyd Smith-Bingham wedding

MRS. CLEMENT DAVIES and Mrs. Greville Collins, who looked very chic in a long pale blue faille dress, received the guests at the Liberal Ball which was held at the May Fair Hotel. There was a record number of nearly six hundred guests, including a lot of young people, at this event, which was by far the best Liberal Ball to be held yet. Besides dancing in the main ballroom where a glistening Phoenix shone from the wall, there was a calypso band playing in another ballroom below. Here, too, was a tombola with excellent prizes which was doing a brisk trade when I visited it, and a clairvoyant.

There were quite a lot of big parties. Mr. Clement Davies was absent as he had a chill, but Lord Moynihn was there, also Lord and Lady Stamp, who were in Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Brunner's big party (Mrs. Brunner was the very able chairman of the ball committee), Sir Andrew McFadyean, Lord and Lady Rea, Sir Robert and Lady Mayer, Lord and Lady Layton, Mr. Joseph Grimond, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Pascall recently back from America, and Mr. Greville Collins, who helped his wife look after their big party. Among the younger guests were Mrs. Jock Ivens very attractive in white, Mr. and Mrs. Ludovic Kennedy in a party with the Hon. William and Mrs. Douglas Home, Mr. Graeme and the Hon. Mrs. Parish and Miss Caroline St. Johnston, a very pretty girl who makes her début next season and who came in Miss April Brunner's big party of young friends.

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SIX huge vases of white lilac, white lilies, white chrysanthemums, pink roses and pink carnations with trailing branches of dark green camelia leaves were superbly arranged in St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the marriage of Mr. Christopher Loyd, son of the late Mr. A. T. Loyd and Mrs. Loyd, and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, daughter of Capt. Arthur Smith-Bingham and Mrs. Jean Garland. Miss Smith-Bingham, who was one of the loveliest débutantes of her year, made a radiant and beautiful bride. She wore a dress of heavy white satin with a high neckline and a pannier skirt falling into a long train, which had been designed for her by Hardy Amies. Her most original arrangement of a very full short veil with a long tulle veil underneath was held in place by a white satin head-dress.

A retinue of children was in attendance. Two pages, James Toller and Christopher Thomson-Jones, wore long green velvet trousers with white silk shirts and pink cummerbunds. The little girls, Lady Selina and Lady Mary Meade, Jill and Emma de Pret Roose, Celia Knight and Joanna Brudenell-Bruce, wore long white satin dresses with wide



Mr. W. H. Loyd, Lord Herschell,
the Hon. Mrs. Derek Winn



Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby
talking to Lord Plunket

pale pink sashes and coronets of green velvet ribbon surrounded by wild pink roses.

At the reception at the Dorchester, the bride's parents received the guests with the bridegroom's mother. Lady Rose Maclaren, who had done the flowers in the church, had carried out more exquisite floral arrangements in the ballroom and adjoining rooms. Outstanding among these was the cleverly lit bank of white flowers in the Gold Room, which made a wonderful background for the bride and bridegroom as they stood receiving their friends; and the two tall pillars of white lilac on the raised dais, each side of the wedding cake, at one end of the ballroom.

The bridegroom's brother-in-law Major Guy Knight, who was best man, proposed the health of the young couple after they cut the cake. Among relations present, besides their parents, to wish them happiness were the bridegroom's sisters, the Countess of Clanwilliam (who is his twin), Mrs. Guy Knight and Mrs. Lane Roberts, his uncle Sir Arthur Willert, the bride's brother Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham and his wife, her aunt Mrs. Jack Thursby, and her cousins Mr. Michael de Pret Roose and Mr. Alan and Mr. Bill Heber-Percy.

I ALSO saw Prince Frederick of Prussia, the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, Lord Plunket, the Hon. Katharine Smith who arrived with Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar, Lord and Lady Stafford and her parents Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alistair Campbell, Mrs. Walter Buckmaster and her daughters Eulalie and Beryl, Lord Ashcombe, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, the Duchess of Argyll, Countess St. Aldwyn, Lady Marks, Mr. Jack Thursby, Major William Hicks Beach, M.P., and his wife, Mrs. Beckwith Smith, Lady Edith Foxwell and Lady George Scott. Also the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava sitting with Princess Djordjodze, Mrs. Philip Pease and her pretty daughters, Mrs. Judd and Jamie and Caroline Judd, Miss Binmore who was with the bride's mother as lady's maid for over twenty-five years, and was being greeted by many friends, Mrs. Peter Thursby, Major Stirling Stuart, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hugh Brassey and Mr. Ted Johnson, who has been tennis professional at Moreton Morrell since the bride's grandfather, the late Mr. Charles Garland, built the real tennis court there about fifty years ago.

Other young marrieds and young friends present included Lord and Lady Carnegie, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston, Mr. and Mrs. Toller, Viscountess Melgund, Capt. and Mrs. Trevor Dawson, Lady Amabel Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Gilmour and Mr. Obbie Waller. The bride looked extremely pretty wearing a blue tailored coat and tiny satin cap to match, as they left for a long honeymoon in the West Indies and Bahamas.

★ ★ ★

AMONG recent first nights I enjoyed Jean Anouilh's *Dinner With The Family* at the New Theatre, which got a very good reception. A few evenings later I went to the Westminster Theatre to see Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williams's amusing little comedy *The Happy Man*, which also came in for great applause on the opening night. Among the audience that evening were Lady Elizabeth Clyde, Lord and Lady Forester who made a big family party with their two attractive daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Orde-Powlett and the Hon. Mrs. Robin Hill, and their husbands, and Mrs. Kenneth Davies escorted by Mr. William Saunders, whose wife Valerie Taylor is in the play.

★ ★ ★

SINCE space does not permit more this week, I will be writing next week about the opening of Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia, which in my opinion is the best one they have ever staged.



WEDDING RECEPTION

AFTER their marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. Christopher Loyd and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham had a reception at the Dorchester, where they are seen (above) with two small members of their retinue, awaiting guests



The Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham,
the bride's brother, and Mrs. Charles Smith-Bingham

A. V. Swaabe



Miss Anne Plowden and Mr. Richard Green in the drawing-room

A WELSH EVENT

THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HUNT BALL took place at the delightful house of Baron and Baroness van Moyland, Pant-y-Goitre, near Abergavenny. The hunt members' dark red coats with plum facings made a colourful note



Van Hallan

Capt. Jan van Moyland, Miss Gay Gilchrist and Baroness van Moyland, in whose house the ball was held



Major Geoffrey Gibbon, joint-Master, Mrs. W. Hanson and George Holder, the huntsman

Mrs. S. W. Thorneycroft and Col. F. L. Deane



Miss Pippyn Beale and Col. Harry Llewellyn



Col. C. R. Scott and Lady Elizabeth Scott, younger sister of the Earl of Clanwilliam



Mrs. Crawshay and Col. William Crawshay in the ballroom



The Hon. Mrs. G. Wellesley, Mr. C. Griffin, Cdr. J. Lucas-Scudamore



Mr. D. W. Conner, President of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, watching Mrs. Vernon Pope, ball chairman, present a prize to Miss Judith Henson



The Hon. D. C. Moore-Brabazon, Miss Monica Michell and Sir Basil Tangye

THE CRESTA BALL

THE ST. MORITZ Tobogganing Club held their annual Cresta Ball at the Savoy. The winter sports enthusiasts present enjoyed an evening of dancing with the added amusement of a toboggan race

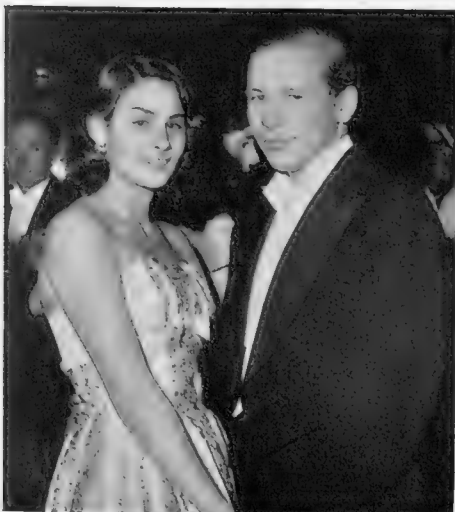
Miss Susan Wills and Mr. Ian Brackenbury



Miss June Abel Smith and the Hon. M. A. Tennyson



Miss Annette Ford, Mr. Alistair Samson and Miss Susan Gordon looking at the programme



Miss Gaynor Faviell and Mr. Jonathan Todhunter



Miss Julie Knock and Mr. Jimmy Newton



Mr. M. Ford, Miss Jinny Walker, Miss Elizabeth Rutherford, Mr. I. Stewart-Brown



Left: The 26-foot Fairey Atalanta, an ideal family cruiser, handles with the ease of a dinghy and has excellent sailing qualities. Right: The Jack Holt Ltd. Solo is available complete or with part-assembled hull and full set of prefabricated parts for the amateur or professional boat-builder



LESSONS AT OLYMPIA FOR LANDLUBBERS

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY this morning opened the fourth National Boat Show (on the first day of the year in which he is due to retire after half a century of army service) and took the opportunity to examine many of the 300 craft exhibited. He is not the only distinguished-soldier-recently to discover the pleasures of sailing: one of his old Eighth Army commanders, Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks, only last summer took lessons at a sailing school on the south coast, and he liked it so much that he has now moved house to be nearer the water. These two examples merely give emphasis to a fact which will be evident from a summer visit to any seaside resort: that small boat sailing is fast becoming Britain's Number One recreation.

The reader, should he be a newcomer to this sport, may well be excused for foundering on the very shores of Empire Hall. Faced with a total floor space twice the area of Trafalgar Square into which are packed the exhibits of over 250 firms from Britain's ship and boat building industry, let him know beforehand that no matter how carefully may his inspection be planned he is doomed to suffer the exquisite torture of having time to examine only a fraction of the whole. Take courage: you will be embarking on a land-locked corner of Neptune's kingdom, and since one of the greatest crimes at sea is indecision, cram on all sail and lay a straight course into the heart of it.

IN these days few can afford the luxury of an oceangoer, and by far the larger proportion of sailing enthusiasts will concentrate on the dayboats, a section which is particularly interesting because so much is new and still under development in this field. Catamarans will be sure to attract great interest. When the Prout Brothers, boatbuilders of Canvey Island, Essex, brought these twin-hulled craft to the forefront, there was much raising of eyebrows and adverse criticism from conventional dinghy enthusiasts.

KENNETH DUXBURY briefs both the hardened salt and the sea-going novice on what to look for among the multitude of craft, all ship-shape and Bristol fashion, displayed at the National Boat Show which opens today at Olympia

In 1955, when their Endeavour won the speed trials at Cowes with a speed of 15.6 knots (she was in fact timed by the official naval radar timekeepers, and for one third of a mile exceeded 22 knots!) there was some sucking of teeth among the critics. At the dinghy cross-Channel championships in June, 1956, Endeavour and the Prouts' first Shearwater III came in an easy first and second, having sailed the pants off some forty crack racing dinghies, and it was then I believe that the critics reluctantly agreed that, for speed, "cats" are in a class by themselves, adding, by way of sour grapes, "but of course they're not really boats!"

Shearwater III is now in a class over 300 strong with classes racing in Canada, U.S.A., New Zealand, Australia and parts of Africa. We shall be hearing more of these exciting craft.

HEAVE-TO alongside the Home Construction section. What better occupation for a lad in these days of ready-made entertainment than to build his own dinghy during the winter months. There is a wide choice of craft, and the kits are not expensive. The Gull (11 ft.), Heron (11 ft. 3 in.), Graduate (12 ft. 6 in.) Mayfly (12 ft. 9 in.), and the G.P.14 (14 ft.) are but a few of the many excellent small sailing dinghies which may be built by the amateur at home from plans, or obtained in kit form or part finished. While tacking round these dayboats, take a good look at the fibre-glass exhibits. I spent ten minutes on the "Boat and Engines" Stand last year giving an Allday fibre-glass hull everything I had with a huge wooden mallet. It made not the slightest impression on the boat, but a deep impression on me. This material really is unbelievably tough and light, two qualities which stand high in the list of requirements for boat building. Is it too early, I wonder, to predict the day when traditionally constructed wooden boats are museum pieces?

Speaking of plastics, an excellent idea recently demonstrated on an International 5.0.5 is a round plastic "window" in the mainsail



This general view of the Opening Day ceremony at last year's Boat Show demonstrates its wide field

near the tack, giving lee-bow vision to the helmsman. Production of completely transparent sails is now under way, and it will be a novel experience to see fleets of dinghies beating to windward under what may well appear at first glance to be bare poles!

Marine engines from $1\frac{1}{2}$ b.h.p. petrol models to heavy duty diesels developing 150 b.h.p. or so may be examined. It is worth noting that Vincent Engineers (Stevenage), Ltd., have recently produced a new two-stroke 73-c.c. air-cooled petrol engine developing 2.3 b.h.p., and built on a principle that completely eliminates all shaft alignment problems, being built on its own shaft log. This should be a boon to the amateur carrying out his own conversion to power of any small yacht tender.

BUT let us leave the small dayboats and inspect some of the really big craft. Remember, as you rub shoulders with those swarthy black-bearded characters muttering strange aquatic oaths, that you are now voyaging in hallowed waters.

So keep a weather eye on the etiquette of the sea. You may have your own very fixed ideas as to what a boat should be, but while listening to the designers extolling the virtues of round bilge and hard chine, long and short counters, flat transoms and the perils of pooping, it will be well to keep these ideas to yourself. True: boat designers are inclined to be a little schizoid, but who wouldn't be after decades spent trying to wed man's requirements to the ocean's demands.

Board and examine these spendid ocean cruisers by all means, but when the sliding hatch cracks you smartly across the bridge of the nose as you fall headlong down that quaint little ladder into the cabin, bear in mind there's a good reason for the coach roof being as low as it is, and one which you as a newcomer to the game may not fully appreciate until clawing off a lee shore in a force eight gale. If, during your inspection, you take violent exception to tables which swing away from you as you rest your elbows on the edge; to the cramped position of the galley; to the narrowness of the bunks, and the publicity of the heads: try not to mention it, for you will only make it apparent that your blood lacks the correct solution of salt. Should you ever put to sea in craft such as these you will find that the designer has really been very clever and made the best of an incredibly difficult task.

Avast there, Olympia! Fling wide the exits: we leave you, trailing clouds of phosphorescent glory in our wake.



A Shearwater III catamaran built by G. Prout & Sons Ltd., a recent and very successful departure in racing dinghies

The "Flat-a-float," a fully furnished and equipped four-berth mobile houseboat made by Graham Bunn (Wroxham) Ltd.



HUNGARIAN PAINTER

ZSUZI ROBOZ, who came to this country from Hungary after the war, is a brilliant pupil of Pietro Annigoni. She has just returned from the United States where she acted as Annigoni's secretary. Miss Roboz is holding her first exhibition at the Walker Gallery, New Bond Street, from January 15 to February 6. The pictures include portraits and landscapes in oil and water colour



Cornel Lucas

Roundabout

Robert Morley

FAINTHEART AND THE CALL OF THE SEA

IN New York some years ago, when I was retrieving my coat and hat from the cloakroom of a night club, I came, as one often does on these occasions, face to face with a beautiful girl. "Tell me," I asked in a desperate attempt to delay the parting, "do you like working here?" "Frankly, no," she replied, "but then of course I am strictly the Nervous Type." "Me, too," I told her. I never saw her again, but I often wonder how she got on. Life is never easy for strictly nervous types as I know to my cost. We are a craven lot and nowhere is it more apparent than when we are afloat.

Because I am a snob I seldom refuse invitations to go aboard, and, although I can claim few yachtsmen among my friends, I have in my time been the guest of a number of amateur skippers. In my experience the first ten or fifteen minutes of my stay are invariably the most pleasant. I enjoy going aboard particularly if anyone is looking on. Walking up the gangplank or transferring from the dinghy gives me a false feeling that I am going to enjoy

it all immensely. This time, I tell myself, it will be different. Lunch will be delicious, there's going to be plenty of room to lie around, we shall really get somewhere, I shall find out what it's all about. But somehow I never do. To start with I have only to sit down in a boat to find myself in the way. There is always a rope or a piece of gear which has to be reached over my live body. No one is more apologetic about it than my host. . . . "Don't worry," he tells me, stepping lightly on my fingers, "you stay just where you are; as soon as we're under way (or is it weigh?), there'll be plenty of space and even a cushion." I hear myself protesting that that is the last thing I require. "I'm enjoying it very much," I tell him; "I only wish I could be of some help." Luckily he is too busy casting off to sense the desperate insincerity of my tone. Already, too, he is an entirely different person from the fellow I met the night before at the cocktail party. He has ceased to be the slightly diffident, well-dressed solicitor, and become the *skipper*. Clothed now as if for a fire in the middle of

the night, he moves purposefully about issuing incomprehensible instructions to his wife and child in the manner of Captain Bligh. His wife, who the night before hadn't hesitated to interrupt two of his best stories and finally removed him from the party by the seat of his pants, is now wearing pants herself, but no longer able to command the situation. She defers to him and even invites the humblest of tasks. I find it impossible to know what the child is thinking, but then I usually do.

As we drift sluggishly with the current or move jerkily across a choppy sea, the difficulties of the situation are gloomily explored. The weather is never right either for farmers or yachtsmen. There is either too much wind, or not enough. In any case there is always a risk of its changing. Various exciting possibilities are discussed but rejected as impractical on this occasion.

There is, apparently, the most lovely cove over on the other side of the bay, just right for bathing; but alas in this wind we should never make it. It might have been rather fun to have sailed across to Shoreham and lunched at a rather amusing little fish restaurant, but the tide would be against us. Last week there was a warship at anchor three miles out, and if we'd cruised round for a bit we might have been asked aboard, but the warship has sailed.

Finally our skipper decided to sail straight ahead out to sea, turn round and sail back again; its a pity of course about the cove, the battleship and the fish restaurant, but after all this is the sea.

It takes a long time for the land to disappear, one looks back from time to time, impatient that we are still within sight of it, but at last there is nothing on the horizon. Nothing to be seen; nothing to be heard but the monotonous flip flap of the waves against the sides. No one mentions lunch and I realize to my horror that everyone else has had a hearty breakfast. There is nothing whatever to occupy the time . . . the captain and the crew are now stretched out in the front. The child sits holding the tiller. . . .

I AM in the classic predicament of the guest who cannot depart; vainly I rack my brain for some valid excuse to persuade them to turn the boat around. "It's so pleasant, I just hate the thought of tea with the Burnses, but I suppose I mustn't be late for it. One would like to stay here for ever, what time did you say there was a train which got me to London at six?"

"Are you enjoying it?" they ask. "Very much," I reply . . . "Just a little teeny bit fussed about the time . . . I have a sort of date about seven . . . stupid of me not to have cancelled it."

"We'll be back before seven with any luck," they say.

"Yes," I tell them, "it's just that my date is in town. . . ."

"Then you'll have to phone and put it off when we land."

After this, all conversation ends, I sit all hope abandoned thinking of nothing, staring at nothing, feeling an immense melancholic affinity with seaweed.

How a jelly fish must loathe its life.

Eventually, at some point during the interminable afternoon



"And then again I can't seem to hold anyone's interest for more than a minute or so"

the decision is taken to turn the boat round and go back. This is the time which oddly enough I find the most exasperating . . . it is as if life and hope were returning to numbed limbs and mind.

THE pain is almost unbearable. The journey home seems endless; perhaps, I tell myself, there is an engine hidden somewhere which will suddenly start to chug. I try to stop myself looking too often at the approaching coastline; I find if one keeps one's eyes shut and only opens them every quarter of an hour, faint progress towards the pier can actually be observed. No, it is not illusory. And now is the time when the experienced yacht-visitor will pray his hardest against a change of wind, which in a situation approaching this point of dodginess can be a frightful catastrophe.

When we finally reach the harbour all the toys have to be put away and covered up. You would hardly credit it, but your host is apparently planning to do the same thing tomorrow. "Would you care to join me?" he asks. . . . "No, not tomorrow," you tell him . . . ! "Never, never again," you tell yourself.



BRIGGS

by Graham



*Mr. Rupert Gentle and Miss Daphne Walker examining
some of the items on show during the sale*

AUCTION AT CHRISTIE'S TO AID THE DISABLED

*The Duchess of Norfolk with Mr. J. Floyd,
the auctioneer*



*The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward with the Hon.
Harry and Mrs. Cubitt*



*Sir John Gilmour with the Hon. Mrs.
B. Shand, daughter of Lord Ashcombe*



*The Hon. Diana Holland-
Hibbert, Viscountess Harcourt*



*Commander Kenneth Kemble
with Mrs. Toby Waddington*



*Mrs. Peter Laycock in com-
pany with Sir John Gilmour*



*The Hon. Julian Holland-Hibbert,
the Duchess of Westminster*



A general view of the sale in progress with the auctioneer, Mr. J. Floyd, taking bids for an item of jewellery

Desmond O'Neill

Jennifer writes:—A very interesting and extremely well organized evening sale in Christie's famous sale rooms in King Street, St. James's, resulted in over £7,000 being raised for that splendid organization the Queen Elizabeth Training College for the Disabled. The Duchess of Norfolk was president and the Countess of Halifax chairman of a committee which organized this very successful sale. They got a great number of their friends to give jewellery, furniture, pictures, porcelain, glass, textiles and books to be auctioned. They also collected a number of friends to come and buy! Among the gifts were a porcelain vase from the Queen Mother, a beautiful star ruby and diamond brooch given by the Countess of Halifax which fetched 800 guineas, and Mr. Raoul Millais gave an enchanting small picture painted by himself for which there was brisk bidding, until it eventually made 380 guineas. It was quite a different picture from the usual auctions held here, to see so many of the bidders in evening dress and strolling at intervals in the foyer outside, where lovely flowers had been arranged. Among those present I saw the Duchess of Norfolk, the Countess of Feversham, the Countess of Halifax, her younger son the Hon. Richard Wood, M.P., who was vice-chairman, the Hon. William McGowan, the hon. treasurer, and Mrs. McGowan.

Other members of this active and go-ahead committee I saw were Lord Ashcombe, the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken with her husband, Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby, Viscountess Harcourt accompanied by Viscount Harcourt, the Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert, and Sir Arthur Penn sitting next to Mrs. Claud Partridge. Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray were there, also Viscountess Monckton talking to Lord Rennell of Rodd, the Duchess of Westminster who gave several pieces of furniture, Lady Worsley, Commander and the Hon. Mrs. William Eykyn—the latter bought an enchanting small table and a very nice Peter Scott painting which had been presented by the artist—the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt, Sir John Gilmour, Lt.-Commander and the Hon. Mrs. White who had presented a diamond brooch and bid for several items, and Lady Munnings whose husband Sir Alfred Munnings presented a painting and a signed copy of his book of ballads.

SIR RANDLE FEILDEN was there, also Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laycock, Mrs. Bea Moresby who bought several lots, Mr. Guy Lawrence also a buyer, the Hon. Mrs. Harry McGowan and her son Duncan, Mr. James Liddell-Simpson, Mrs. Reggie Sheffield and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton.

HABSBURG WEDDING

THE MARRIAGE took place in Vienna between Archduchess Maria Ilana, the daughter of Princess Ilana of Roumania and Archduke Anton of Habsburg, and Count Jaroslav Kottulinsky, an Austrian nobleman. The bride's mother is a descendant of Queen Victoria and the bridegroom's mother a descendant of Empress Maria Theresa of Austria



Priscilla in Paris

FESTIVE FRANCE AND "LE NOUVEL AN"



SWEDISH ROYAL SISTERS, Princess Birgitta and Princess Margaretha, were present when King Gustav presented the Nobel Prizes to the winners at the Concert Hall in Stockholm

THE French say that "it is wise to take one's pleasure where one finds it." This may be sound philosophy but some people find their pleasure in strange ways. I know a charming, rather lonely and not very wealthy gentlewoman who every December takes a job as sales-lady in one of the super-luxe shops of the Champs-Élysées. She argues that she has no family ties, that she enjoys handling lovely things and that she gets vicarious pleasure in helping nice people to choose beautiful Christmas gifts for their friends and relations. "Are they always nice?" I asked. "Always!" she answered firmly if not quite truthfully; she also told me of the exception that proves the rule.

A difficult customer who had bitterly complained of the high cost of all the delightful pretties that were offered for his choice, suddenly noticed a damaged musical box that had been pushed aside. It was a dainty thing of enamel and silver gilt but the tiny, hand-dressed figurines that stood upon the lid and danced when the music played were broken. The dancer had lost his head, and his partner's arm, of fragile porcelain, dangled from the elbow-frill of an empty sleeve. "How much will you charge me for that?" asked the not-fussy client. A low figure was proposed and accepted and the order was given for the pretty toy to be sent, exactly as it was, to an address in the country. The sly fellow obviously expected that the breakage would be put down to an accident during transportation. I registered indignation but my gentle friend laughed. "He did not get away with it," she said, "we wrapped up the broken pieces separately!"

ANOTHER holiday pleasure is taking children to the circus. I can enjoy this myself in a small way; four or five infants in a box and a nannie or elder sister in attendance. But to do it on a grand scale is an undertaking. Every Christmas M. Hubert de Malafosse invites 2,000 children to the big show at the Palais des Sports, which is the ceremonious name for the dear old, shabby, but huge, Vélodrome d'Hiver. The parents of these young people all belong to the journalistic world and all rank alike. The offspring of leader writer, star reporter or sob-sister are not given better seats than the children of the stokers, the ladies of the mop and broom or the packers. It is a question of first come, first served. A truly democratic mob that works out to about one grown-up to every ten youngsters ranging in age from four to fourteen. As the grown-ups and teenagers are less democratic than the Tiny Tots, the T.T.s act as buffers and a marvellous time is enjoyed by many. I tried to make myself useful at this festival last year and had a hectic time.



MISS SANDRA DEVAUX, only daughter of Mrs. Ernest Devaux of London, is seen in her *appartement* in Paris, which is decorated with the furniture passed down in her family and once belonging to Napoleon's friend General Rapp

The Gallic child is, to say the least, excitable, wrigglesome and single-minded in obtaining the immediate satisfaction of its bodily needs. This year I was careful and watched from afar. It is a grand spectacle that has its uplift to see 2,000 brats shouting with joy and perfectly happy; but more than one grown-up goes straight home to bed when the *matinée* is over.

A GALA presentation, at the Palais de Chaillot, of David Lean's great film—that becomes, in French, *Le Pont De La Rivière Kwai* although happily it was given in English—has brought three million francs to the coffers of Baroness Seillières' magnificent charity organization known as *les Petits Lits Blancs*, those famous "little white beds" that have helped so many children to regain health. *Tout Paris* was present and one of the most prominent and well loved figures amidst the celebrities was Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery who expressed his amazement at the vast theatre that the Palais de Chaillot houses.

The French army was represented by General Catroux and our rather large sized General Koenig. Also present were His Excellency Sir Gladwin Jebb and Lady Jebb, H.E. Mr. Houghton the American Ambassador, *Académiciens* by the score, exquisite lovelies in gorgeous frocks, André Maurois whose son, Gerald, is the author of several albums of delightful animal stories illustrated with remarkable photographs that are having a great success with parents and children alike, François Mauriac, Georges Auric, Gérard Bauer, the *baronne* de Navacelle, Cynda Glenn and Salvador Dali resplendent with waxed moustachio, pomatumed poll, gold embroidered waistcoat and Malacca cane of which the knob glittered with precious, multicoloured stones.

DESPITE the dreary previsions of the pessimists, Paris has enjoyed a happy Christmas. All the old traditions have been honoured. While British children hung up their stockings their French cousins set out their *sabots* on the hearth. Holly and mistletoe were found in the woods that surround Paris if one could not afford the beribboned gilt-stemmed boughs sold by the florists of the rue Royale. If, for the same reason, all the puddings did not come from England we enjoyed a Gallic version of the delicacy and I vow that I know more than one French housewife (my Josephine for instance) who can produce as good a pudding as any I have eaten in my British childhood.

As I write we are preparing for the New Year *réveillon* and my personal tradition is that, as well as the usual *boudin*, roast goose and *foie gras*, we have another pudding as well.



THE WEDDING took place in Paris recently of Comte Henri du Chastel de la Howarderie, of Belgium, and Mlle. Victoria Elena Lopez de Carrizosa y Patino, who is the daughter of the Marquis del Merito, of Cordoba, Spain, and niece of the Duke of Algeciras

MADELEINE RENAUD is seen in *Madame Sans Gene*, Victorien Sardou's play presented by herself and Jean-Louis Barrault, her husband, and their company, at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt



At the Theatre

A FROLIC WITH THE AMAZONS

Anthony Cookman

GREEK myth transformed into modern comedy on the West End stage requires a lovely setting, an exceptionally strong cast, witty dialogue and an idea. Three of these essential requirements are met handsomely enough by *The Rape Of The Belt* at the Piccadilly. The settings, in tone as well as colour, are exquisite. Mr. John Clements, Mr. Richard Attenborough, Miss Kay Hammond and Miss Constance Cummings do their respective reputations proud. The wit is civilized. And the author, Mr. Benn Levy, has his idea, which is that war is the foolishlest thing we have inherited from the ancient world.

All that goes slightly though not ruinously wrong with the evening is that the author fails to follow through with his idea. He absentmindedly disengages himself and leaves the actors to get what farcical fun can be got out of twisting the tail of a very dead myth.

The myth is the ninth labour of Heracles. He has been ordered by the daughter of his hard taskmaster to carry off for her the famous girdle worn by the Queen of the Amazons. It is a tough assignment even for the son of Zeus. He has heard that no men can match the fury of these women in battle, and he has brought along Theseus, another Greek hero, to back him up in the desperate enterprise.

AFTER having a humiliating skirmish with a massive female blacksmith, they meet the two queens of the terrible tribe and are much set down to be given a gracious welcome by amiable creatures who appear to have nothing warlike about them. Antiope is mockingly demure, Hippolyte is agreeably indolent. The heroes are obliged to pull up their socks, recall that they are engaged on an heroic mission, and make it clear to the charming ladies that they are implacable fellows. They have come for the belt, and they are not going away without it.

The Amazons, they understand, have never lost a battle. Neither, Heracles warns them, has he. Antiope replies sweetly that the Amazons have never lost a battle for the good reason that they have never been so silly as to fight one. They are living happily under the protection of their fierce legend. They

have no idea who started the legend, but they are duly grateful.

As for the girdle, that is a sort of royal crown. While they will not fight for it, they can hardly be expected to surrender it. But the midday sun is up, and the heroes had better stay to lunch. After lunch the predicament of the heroes has worsened considerably. "A man of action must act, or he is nothing," roars the baffled Heracles. Antiope completes his confusion by murmuring in reply, "But being is also something." The truth is, and the heroes know it, that there is no glory, not even any self-respect, to be won by fighting against polite and perfectly charming non-resistance.

It is at this point that Mr. Levy suddenly loses interest in his idea. Instead of pursuing it with Heracles into the bedroom where Antiope sleeps with the girdle, he turns to Zeus and his grievance-ridden wife, Hera, who have hitherto functioned as illuminated choric busts. Zeus much concerned to see his favourite son at an impasse takes a delicate hand in the game, and the furious Hera infuses herself into the body of the indolent Hippolyte, imprisons Heracles in a tower and whips up the Amazons into a state of martial frenzy.

This intervention by the immortals does none of the characters any good in our eyes. Mr. Clements ceases to be the dignified hero, whose mental equipment is ludicrously unequal to the problems the women set him. He changes into the heroic man of action who comes pretty well out of the rough and tumble of farce. The status of Miss Cummings dwindles sadly from that of a subtle queen who is mistress of the situation to that of a harassed woman who hardly knows what is happening to her and everybody else. Even Mr. Attenborough, so delightfully naive as the thick-witted Theseus, begins to look less foolish.

Only Miss Hammond, as the languorous queen mysteriously fired with the fury of a goddess, seems really to enjoy the knock-about into which the satire has declined. The cause of the declension are the gently humorous Zeus of Mr. Nicholas Hannen and the acidulous Hera of Miss Veronica Turleigh, but it must be owned that they do their fell work with an unfailing sense of style.



Veronica Turleigh and Nicholas Hannen play the deities Hera and Zeus

"THE RAPE OF THE BELT" (Piccadilly Theatre). Heracles, the son of Zeus (John Clements), enlists the aid of Greek hero Theseus (Richard Attenborough) in his quest to rob Hippolyte (Kay Hammond) and Antiope (Constance Cummings), the two Queens of the Amazons, of their famous girdle. Drawings by Glan Williams



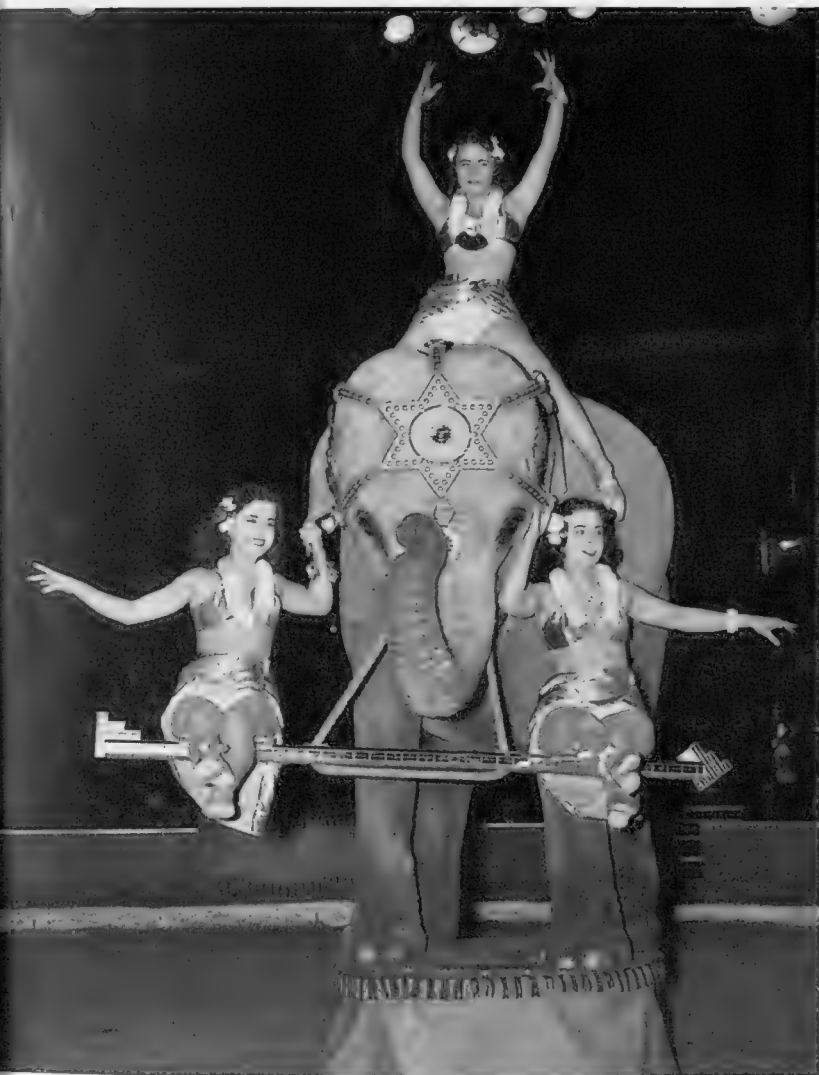
THE NEW YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENT



THE ICE SHOW, *Winter Wonderland*, opened at the Empire Pool, Wembley, on Boxing Day for a six-week season. Pat Gregory, the star dancer of the show, and members of the chorus are seen in a skating version of the Nutcracker ballet



MARGARET LOCKWOOD plays Peter to her daughter Julia's Wendy in *Peter Pan* at the Scala Theatre. This production of Barrie's perennial favourite has Melvin Baker as John and James Ray as Michael, seen above in the nursery



BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS at Olympia always draws large numbers of children and grown-ups during the Christmas holidays. Among the attractions in the programme is the Elephant Ballet presented by Doreen Duggan (above)



THE TIVOLI PANTOMIMETEATER, a Danish favourite of long standing, opened for a London season at the Prince's Theatre on December 18. Above: Gerda Parvie and Hanne Gemzoe play Columbine to Poul Brockdorf's Harlequin



Lt.-Col. J. A. Kershaw, M.P. for Stroud and Commanding Officer of the R.G.H., with Earl Bathurst, who broke a collar-bone during the race



Followers of the Duke



Mrs. Hugh Brassey, Sarah Brassey and Mrs. Anthony Warre



Capt. Hugh Dawnay, Miss Elizabeth Gott and Col. F. St. George

Mrs. G. Cole, Mrs. C. Barrington, Miss A. Pennington, Major T. Smyth-Osbourne

Mrs. Hugh Rowcliffe and the Hon. Mrs. M. Watson



THE CAVALRY A 'CROSS COUNTRY



for hunt moving off after the cross country race

A JOINT CROSS COUNTRY RACE between members of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry and the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars took place at Sherston, Wilts, on the morning following the Joint Regimental Ball at Badminton House. Below: Lt.-Col. H. Brassey watching Mr. F. Sykes receive an award from the Duke of Beaufort



Miss Matilda Rowcliffe and the Hon. Mrs. F. Newall whose husband rode in the race



Miss Veronica Vernon and Miss Diana St. George, a follower of the Beaufort

Major Gerald Gundry, joint-Master, Mr. David Somerset and Major Murray-Smith



MARY URE is one of the stars of *Windom's Way*, the story of conflict between a die-hard British planter and downtrodden native labour; she plays the wife of a philanthropic doctor (Peter Finch). Natasha Parry, Robert Flemyng and Michael Hordern also star

LOUIS JOURDAN and BELINDA LEE (below) play in *Dangerous Exile* a French nobleman and a beautiful American girl living with an eccentric aunt (Martita Hunt), who both get embroiled in the rescue of the child Dauphin from the French Revolution guillotine



At the Pictures

FULL-BLOODED ROMANCE

IT is a very long time since we have had a really full-blooded, romantic, period drama of the kind in which Miss Margaret Lockwood used to toss a haughty head and that dashing Mr. Stewart Granger was wont single-handed to run a dozen double-dealers through before breakfast. *Dangerous Exile*, successfully substituting Miss Belinda Lee and Mr. Louis Jourdan for the old-time favourites, remedies the deficiency most handsomely. It also supplies an answer to the question that may or may not have kept you awake o' nights: whatever became of the young king Louis XVII of France?

The answer—that he was smuggled out of a French prison, dropped on the Welsh town of Tenby from a balloon and found a refuge in a castle on Caldy Island—may not be the right one. But, my goodness! what a splendid excuse it is for magnificent settings, nightmare dream sequences, breathless pursuits by road and sea, tricky French spies, treacherous servants, coolly evil French Revolutionaries, dastardly assassins, cliff-top struggles, swingeing swordfights and bodies galore—all in gorgeous Eastman Colour and Vista-Vision!

Miss Lee, whose ravishing period wardrobe naturally includes a range of diaphanous nylon nighties, is pretty and pleasing as the young American who finds the royal child (Master Richard O'Sullivan) sitting like a forlorn angel on a tombstone in Tenby churchyard and takes him to the island home of her rich and eccentric aunt—the superbly mannered Miss Martita Hunt. Mr. Jourdan's romantic good looks well become the Duc de Beauvais—Louis XVII's loyal uncle who nobly sacrifices his own son to bring the boy-king to safety.

Miss Anne Heywood plays a designing serving wench with a nice touch of venom and Mr. Keith Michell is chinnily imposing

as le Colonel St. Gerard—who, with a small detachment of French troops, arrives in full fig at Caldý one night to murder little Louis, but is beaten off by Miss Lee (in her most seductive slumberwear) and, of course, eventually run through by the intrepid Mr. Jourdan.

Hurrah for the Royalists! Hurrah, too, for the producer, Mr. George Brown, and the director, Mr. Brian Desmond Hurst—and a special cheer for the art director, Mr. Jack Maxsted, who has given their luscious hokum a background of genuine beauty.

ALL the true life nature films of Mr. Walt Disney have made no secret of the fact that what goes on beyond the city limits—on seal islands, by beaver dams and in those largely insect-and-reptile populated wastes of lone (and vanishing) prairie—is sternly governed by the law of the survival of the fittest. Along comes *Perri*—the story of a darling little pine squirrel—to prove that in “the heart of the wildwood,” without benefit of police protection, the R.S.P.C.A. and the P.D.S.A., millions of little characters have far more perils to contend with than we who live in any man-made asphalt jungle.

From the moment of her birth, *Perri* is marked down as a likely prey by a sharp-eyed marten, an agile wildcat, an elegant vixen and a great goshawk, all of whom have martenettes, kits, cubs, and fledglings to feed. Dancing through the treetops, her heart in her mouth, *Perri* (and this, I would have you know, is a real squirrel) almost miraculously eludes her predatory pursuers, survives the horror of a forest fire—and finds herself a dear little mate, Porro, with whom she will raise a brood capable, one hopes, of coping equally well with the hazardous though exhilarating existence Nature has designed for squirrels.

The patience of a couple of Jobs, on the part of the directors, Messrs. N. Paul Kenworthy, Jr., and Ralph Wright, must have gone into the making of this visually lovely film—in which the animals, going about their normal business, achieve a dramatic intensity not excelled even by exponents of The Method. When they are fleeing for their lives they really *are* fleeing for their lives—and as a wriggler out of catastrophic situations, *Perri* has Miss Pearl White beaten hollow. Some of the commentary and the incidental songs (gushingly rendered by a celestial choir) seemed to me rather cloying in their sentimentality: maybe they were intended to compensate for the conspicuous lack of this commodity among the majority of the protagonists.

MR. KIRK DOUGLAS stars in *Paths Of Glory*—a disturbing film, based on the novel by Mr. Humphrey Cobb, about a French army incident (which I devoutly hope never happened) in World War One. The year is 1916. Lured by promises of promotion held out to him by his sly corps commander (Mr. Adolphe Menjou), a French general (Mr. George Macready) orders his weary and decimated troops into action to take and hold a strongly defended German position. He is aware that he is asking the impossible—and so is the colonel, Mr. Douglas, who is to be in charge of the exercise.

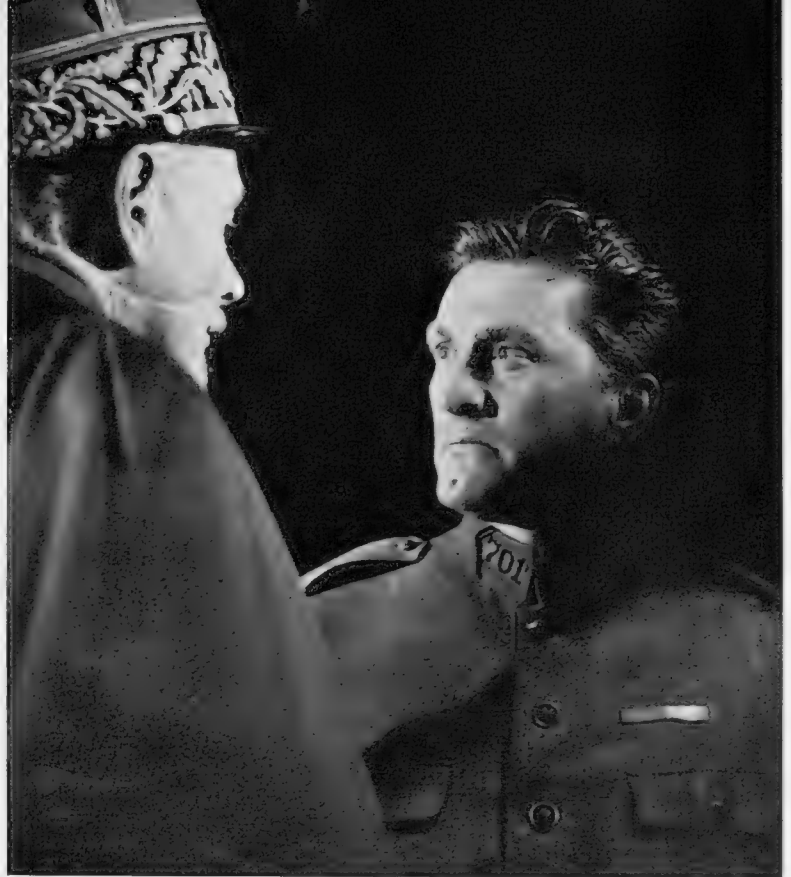
Mr. Douglas duly leads the attack: it is a failure because the French artillery's covering fire falls disastrously on the advancing men. Few get beyond the French barbed wire, none reaches the German wire, and most of them are driven back into their own trenches. The general, viewing the situation from afar, is furious: he telephones an order to his artillery officer to shell them out of their cover.

The officer refuses to obey unless the order is given him in writing—and, as this cannot be done, the matter is dropped. The general decides, as an alternative, to have a hundred men shot for cowardice—*pour encourager les autres*. Mr. Menjou feels this is, perhaps, going a little too far—Mr. Douglas is outraged at the gross and callous injustice of it. The general at last agrees to settle for three victims—to be chosen at random by their company commanders and brought before a court martial, the outcome of which is a foregone conclusion.

On the eve of the court martial, Mr. Douglas, who is allowed to act as defence counsel for his men, places in Mr. Menjou's hands documentary evidence that the general ordered the artillery to fire upon French troops. The use Mr. Menjou makes of this evidence establishes him as an utterly despicable character.

As to what happens at the court martial and after, I am pledged to secrecy—but I think I can go so far as to say the film, which is curiously convincing despite its American cast, shook me profoundly.

—Elsbeth Grant



KIRK DOUGLAS (right) and George Macready play French army officers of World War One in *Paths Of Glory*, a tale of injustice



FIENDS IN GYM TUNICS, the girls of St. Trinian's in *Blue Murder At St. Trinian's* are marshalled for a journey to Rome by Lionel Jeffries

BLACKMAIL and plots are the themes of the comedy *The Naked Truth* in which Peter Sellers and Terry-Thomas star (below)





Mark Gerson

STORM JAMESON, seen here, had her latest book, *A Cup Of Tea For Mr. Thorgill* (Macmillan, 15s.), published last November. It tells of Communism at work in a university



F. C. Strutt

ANTHONY THORNE, author of the best-seller *The Baby And The Battleship*, who has been widely praised for his new travel book about Italy, *The Sky Is Italian* (Harvill, 21s.)

Book Reviews

FROM SADDLE TO PEN

by Elizabeth Bowen

MY first comment on *The Sport Of Queens* (Michael Joseph, 21s.), the autobiography of Dick Francis, is that it seems all but unfair to a non-riding writer that a rider should write so well. The book is a tremendous career relived—may the reading of it console us, at least in part, for Dick Francis's retirement from the steeplechasing scene! We begin with a sixpenny bet won, at the age of five, by riding a donkey backwards, on a Pembrokeshire farm; we end with the 1956 Grand National, and the near-heartbreak of Devon Loch. This is more than a tale of a number of races ridden, for character gives it a continuity. Heredity may be a form of predestination, but it takes what a man is to fill out the destiny.

While many little boys were driving the Scottish Express round their nurseries, my rocking horse and I were going over Becher's and Valentine's, the Chair and the Canal Turn. The names of the fences at Liverpool were a chant, an invocation, a beckoning magic, and the spell they laid on my infancy has never been broken. Now that I know them so very well, and have a hundred memories of their hazards and glories in every sort of weather, their names have an even stronger evocative power, for I remember them with a more intense pleasure than ever I imagined them.

If it is possible to inherit so vague a quality as a wish to be a jockey, I did so. My father was a jockey, and his father also.

Show jumping and hunting were the boyhood beginning. War brought the young man, keen to handle a plane, to the door of the R.A.F. recruiting centre; *faute de mieux* he signed on as an airframe fitter, and, frenzied, seemed doomed to remain one—thirty-seven applications for transfer to a flying school did, however, at last wear down the authorities. The pilot's experience interleaves with the rider's; clearly there is a connection between the two. The man came out of the war with a hardened idea of what he wanted from peace. Showing, and its conditions, no longer satisfied him. "The old impulse to be a jockey grew stronger. As the months went by, it grew irresistible. Space, I said to myself as I cantered round in small circles; speed, I whispered, as I slowly popped over the jumps; stamina, I thought, as I eyed the fat nags lined up behind me."

How these desires were realized, and amidst what a blend of "hazards and glories," provides the narrative of *The Sport Of Queens*. There could be no more knowing account of horses and courses. Moreover, Mr. Francis knocks the bottom out of a lot of nonsense with regard to his profession, and lets daylight into a number of matters as to which hearsay or ignorance prevail. He underrates (possibly) dangers, but not discomforts.

Hard sense, literally horse sense, figures no less in "Riders and Routine." The sweeping away of false glamour leaves room for fact—the technique of riding a race—and does not preclude the absolute satisfaction, the throat-choking thrillingness of winning one (this, *The Sport Of Queens* to the full conveys.) Tributes go to great mounts in the chapter "Horses." Tribute should go, also, to the durability, or say mendability, of the human frame, as instanced by the recoveries of Dick Francis. Most of all, these annals express a triumph of spirit. Endless have been post mortems of that 1956 Grand National: best, let Devon Loch's rider speak the feeling he had: "Better to have won and lost, than never to have won at all."

★ ★ ★

STRANGELY, it has been the fate of Ouida, subject of Monica Stirling's study *The Fine And The Wicked* (Gollancz, 21s.), that her personality has survived her work. It is fascinating to read about Ouida (whom our grandparents found so absorbing and daring), all but impossible to read her. Or so I find; and why, I wonder? I skipped no part of Miss Stirling's excellent book but the quotations. Whatever Ouida's magic was—she had astronomical sales; she was talked about everywhere; she was fashionable—it has evaporated. There is (for at least one reader) the kiss of death in those rhetorical, quite often didactic, descriptive

PRINCESS FATIMA ZAHARA, wife of the Moroccan Ambassador in London, is seen sitting for her portrait by the Spanish artist Clemente del Camino. Dressed in a gold and purple striped tunic, and turquoise and gold brocade skirt, the Princess wears on her head a gold and diamond coronet of Moorish work



passages, verbose as Sir Walter Scott's, but without the genius.

Yet Ouida appealed, in her day, to frivolous persons. She touched, I suppose, some particular nerve in them. Distinguished and serious characters, also, were among her fervent admirers. The answer must be, that she had immense integrity—she believed completely in the dream world she wove; a dream world which could not have been more flattering to the Guards officers and real-life beauties who found themselves idealized in her pages. *Under Two Flags*, *Friendship* (which caused a storm in the teacup of 1878 Anglo-Florentine society), *Moths*, *The Masserenes* and her many other successes were acclaimed as literary landmarks. And the woman herself deserved, morally, every triumph she had. She was fearless, tireless, and, for all her fantastic absurdities, oddly dignified.

MISS LOUISE RAMÉ, as "Ouida" legally was, was born in Bury St. Edmunds in 1839. Her mother was solid English small-middle-class, her father French, and a secret agent working for the Bonaparte restoration. Having succeeded in quitting her native town, she took up the pen, with immediate blazing reward. As a prodigy in her twenties, chaperoned by her mother, she gave a series of exotic parties, filled with candlelight, pet dogs, flowers and Guards officers, at the Langham Hotel where she resided. Then, having exhausted London, she moved to Italy, a country to which she gave herself head and soul. Her fatal human love was for a charming *marchese*, whose dithering wasted ten years of her life; she remained unmarried. Robert,

Lord Lytton, could have consoled her, but did not; she was left to expend her passion on birds and animals. She died in lonely poverty, but with head unbowed, at Viareggio, in 1908.

Monica Stirling has done admirable work on *The Fine And The Wicked*: the results I commend to many a reader. Yet I ask, might she not have been better employed in giving us a novel of her own? Tremendous pressure is put on our better contemporary novelists to become biographers, but I don't approve of it.

★ ★ ★

A GAY and preposterous anthology *The Spy's Bedside Book* (Rupert Hart-Davies, 15s.) has been compiled by Graham Greene and Hugh Greene. Appropriately, the volume is dedicated to William le Queux and John Buchan, of whose power to thrill a number of well-chosen excerpts remind us. The Greene brothers have raked through spy literature, fact and fiction, turning up gems of style, and here and there real-life curiosities. Spies don't seem, as a race, to have much of a break—though, as against that, they have delights and perquisites (see "Good Hunting," p. 86, and the Ian Fleming extract, p. 182).

"Hazards" opens with a Le Queux highlight: "Before I could utter aught save a muffled curse, I was flung head first into an empty piano case, the heavy lid of which was instantly closed on me. . . . I had been tricked!" *The Spy's Bedside Book* is excellent fooling, with one or two digs at the cracks in our Secret Service. Good in-bed reading for those more tamely employed.



Miss Isabel Dean, the actress, and her husband, Mr. William Fairchild



Miss Sheila Sim accompanied by Mr. Peter Sanders



Miss Beatrice Lillie and Mr. John Philip were among the audience

First night of "The Rape Of The Belt" at the Piccadilly Theatre



CREW



Michel Molinare

AT Fairey Marine Works on the Hamble River, Southampton Water, the Atalantas, Albacores and Fireflies were being assembled for Olympia's National Boat Show. Opposite: Lillywhite's navy proofed slacks, 5 gns., worn with a navy and white knitted sweater £6 19s. 6d. From their range of hooded sports sweaters. Above: Watching the building of an Atalanta, a yachtswoman wears Gieves' Cornish breaker sailing smock. It is made in yellow, red and royal blue, and costs 52s. 6d. and is worn with their tapered black gabardine slacks £5 2s. 6d. These slacks may also be had in navy blue. Obtainable only at Gieves

STYLES IN THE YACHTING WORKS



UNLOADING a Firefly (above) from its trailer behind a Rootes Hillman Minx convertible. Jaeger's tartan wool slacks worn with a napp camel wool jacket lined with the same matching Duncan tartan. The jacket costs 14½ gns., the trousers 6 gns., and they are both obtainable at Jaeger shops in London, Manchester and Edinburgh

LONDONUS double-breasted jacket (left) in pirate wool cloth in navy only, and lined with scarlet silk, costs £8 7s. 6d. It is worn with 50 per cent Terylene 50 per cent wool slacks £6 7s. 6d. The jacket can be bought at the Army & Navy Stores, London, Dingles of Plymouth and Smith of Dundee.

LILLYWHITE's duffle coat (opposite) is made of Loden cloth from the Tyrol, soft to handle but tough and hardwearing. Its buttons, instead of the usual wood, are made of solid polished horn. The price is £6 19s. 6d. It is worn with a white sweater, edged navy, from their wide range costing about 6 gns.





A COAT in grey alpaca llama hair (left) by Motoluxe, warm and hard wearing, the ideal travelling coat, it is obtainable at Marshall & Snelgrove, Derry & Toms and Dalys of Glasgow, price £25. The car is the new Hillman Minx Convertible from Rootes. The location—the Hamble River, haven of many keen yachtsmen

HULL OF A FIREFLY under its temporary rubber jacket (below) emerges from the steam oven, having been baked for an hour under 60 lb. of pressure. Beside it Jaeger's Italian knitted wool sweater in yellow and white stripes, 7 gns. From their London, Manchester and Edinburgh shops





AGAINST THE DOOR of the great oven in which the laminated hulls of the six-berth Atalantas are baked, Haythornthwaite's waterproof Grenfell jacket (above) white reversible with navy blue, finished with ribbed wool collar and cuffs and costing £8 15s. obtainable at Lillywhite's, London



FINISHED HULLS of Fireflies and Albacores gleaming with new varnish (right); against them Jaeger's British warm of wool and camel hair, price 17 gns., worn with matching turn-up trousers, 8 gns. The hooded sweater in bottle green and stone wool 6½ gns. The coat and sweater are obtainable in London, also Manchester and Edinburgh Jaeger shops; the trousers only in London

INDISPENSABLE

TAILORED DRESS AND JACKET

AT Miss Terry's very individual shop in Beauchamp Place can be found clothes to suit the problem, as well as the easy, figures. She also has her own hats and a wide range of accessories to save her customers chasing around from store to store. She can, in brief, supply most of your needs from a single department



THE SAPPHIRE BLUE angora mixture jersey tweed is edged with matching grosgrain and is designed so that it can be worn either belted or, more fashionably, with the semi-fitted waistline. The box jacket is collarless. This two-piece is made in several other colours and can be had in the larger fittings. The ensemble costs 19½ gns. The gloves (above) are by Kayser Bondor. The perfume, Weil's "Antilope," spiced and tangy, is just right for daytime use. The shoes by C. & J. Clarke, in champagne beige suede, £4 19s. 9d.



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK





These spongeable table mats printed with Baron von Riefel's luscious paintings of fruit cost £1 1s. each. Obtainable from Fortnum & Mason

Entertaining in the New Year



BRIGHT ideas to give added enjoyment to host and guest alike are an important feature of entertaining. Such accessories make excellent presents both for the seasoned party-giver and for the bride

—JEAN CLELAND

Organdie table set with white applique and embroidery, for eight persons, in red, green, blue, peach, £9 9s., Robinson & Cleaver



An everlasting candle, the "Paracandl," is filled with colourless paraffin with the great advantage that it burns without smoke, smell or grease. The candles cost 15s. each and the decorative metal holders, 7s. 6d. each, Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street



Continental cloth, printed with green, blue or red borders with a red poppy design in the centre, 51 in. by 51 in., costs £1 4s. 9d., from Debenham and Freebody



For the enthusiastic amateur barman, a champagne cork opener, £2 7s. 6d., ice tongs, £1 18s. 6d., and ice crusher, £8 15s., obtainable at Asprey and Co., Ltd.



Hand-painted Spanish porcelain comprising a decanter, £9, martini mixer, £7 7s., container for olives, £2 18s. 6d., and matching tray, £1 7s. 6d., Fortnum and Mason



Beauty

Artists' party



Specially designed for the party season, "Thistle-down," Alan Spiers's latest style, is accented at night by a dart of white feathers on a golden clip

Michael Barnett

At the party given by Helena Rubinstein when she was last in London, she wore the wonderful gown in which she was painted by Graham Sutherland. Those who have seen the two portraits hanging side by side in the Tate Gallery will have some idea of the effect it created when she stood to receive her guests at the top of the magnificent staircase in the salon at Grafton Street. The dress, by Balenciaga, in a rich red silk brocade, encrusted with glittering stones, glowed and shone, and the dignity with which it was worn seemed to bring back some of the splendour of the days when this house, owned by the Hon. Mrs. Arthur James, who entertained in the grand manner, was visited by royalty and leaders of Edwardian society.

As I watched Helena Rubinstein I observed that, in spite of being short, she is tremendously impressive. She has *stature*, and this has little to do with inches. It is a matter of poise, carriage and bearing. As if she felt my gaze, she moved towards me and said, "Come, I want you to meet a relative of mine." To my surprise this was Artur Rubinstein the famous pianist (I had no idea they were related) who was in London for two concerts.

To talk with one whose playing had so often given me such deep pleasure was a wonderful experience, and when he said goodbye, remarking that he was going to play two concertos with orchestra at the Festival Hall on the following night, and "felt pale already," I turned to Graham Sutherland standing beside me and said, "What an amazing family." "Yes," he agreed, then added, looking at Helena Rubinstein, "And what a remarkable woman." "Was she a good sitter?" I asked. "Oh no," said the artist. "She couldn't be, she is too full of energy to be ever really still, even when having her portrait painted."

To realize just what this energy amounts to, you would have to know Helena Rubinstein well, as I do. Over the many years since I first met her, it has never ceased to amaze me, and this last visit was no exception. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked her. "Well, yes," she replied, "But the secret is that at any moment I can *completely* relax. In this way, if necessary, I can work for eighteen hours, have a short rest, and work for another eighteen." She gave me her recipe for vitality and good health: "plenty of fresh air. Not too much heavy or rich food, light clothing, and exercise every day."

So many women, I told her, say that they are too busy to spend time on their looks. Her reply to this was: "Rubbish. *Every* woman can spare twenty minutes in twenty-four hours for herself. She can split this up; a few minutes first thing in the morning, a few more again in the evening, to beautify herself before going out, and lastly a short session for cleansing and massage before going to bed. Women," she said, "gossip too much. A little less time spent in this way, and the twenty minutes could easily be saved."

We talked of youth, and of the skin problems of young girls for whom Helena Rubinstein recommends the famous Skin Clearing Cream, which, when her mother sent it to her in Australia from Poland, was the start of her whole fortune, and of her gigantic world-wide business.

We talked of age, too. As one grows older, said Helena Rubinstein, two things happen. The body tends to shrink, and the face to droop, especially at the corners of the eyes. For guarding against these things there are some simple, but excellent, exercises.

For the face. Place the hands flat in front of the ears and press upwards towards the hair-line. Next, place the hand flat in the middle of the forehead across the bridge of the nose, and smooth firmly and briskly up towards the hair-line, first with the right hand and then with the left, alternately.

For the body. Lie in a bath and stretch first one foot and then the other out to touch the end, keeping the foot turned up at right angles to the leg as you do so. At the same time, stretch one arm forward and pull the other back, right left, right left, alternately. This is a wonderful exercise; it keeps the body stretched, and helps to prevent shrinking. It is good for the spine and disperses fattiness under the arms and down to the waist.

Before leaving, I shot my last question. "What do you think," I asked, "is the most important thing of all for promoting good looks, and maintaining a youthful appearance?" Helena Rubinstein gave me the answer: "To be happy, and to be *grateful*."

—Jean Cleland



Pearl Freeman

Miss Elisabeth Moyne McConnell, only daughter of Sir Robert McConnell, Bt., of Glenalmond, Strandtown, Belfast, and of Mrs. Haselden, of Great Gaddesden, Herts, is to marry Mr. Robert Henry Cooke Ramsey, Jr., only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. C. Ramsey, of The Moat, Belfast



Fayer

Miss Elisabeth Ann Pedder, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. R. N. Pedder, the Highland Light Infantry, and Mrs. Pedder, of Sussex Mansions, London, S.W.7, is engaged to Mr. James Anthony Humphryes, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey Humphryes, of Radnor Place, London, W.2



Lenare

Miss Frances Barbara Farmer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. W. Farmer, of Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Rothery Daines, who is the son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. L. R. D. Daines, of Mzuri Sana, Ruwa, Southern Rhodesia

THEY ARE ENGAGED



P. Finch Inkster

Left: Miss Susan Forbes, daughter of Mr. K. H. Forbes, of Englefield Green, and of Mrs. G. Lloyd Dixon, of Broad Campden, Gloucestershire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Iain Bain, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, of Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire



Yevonde

Right: Miss Cynthia Mary Hardy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice S. Hardy, of Annan, Dumfries-shire, Scotland, is engaged to Mr. Alistair David Buchanan Kerr Duff, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Kerr Duff, of Ramsay Garden, Edinburgh



Yevonde

Miss Oriel Hermione Steel, younger daughter of Col. Greville Steel, T.D., and of the Hon. Mrs. Steel, of Cranley Place, S.W.7, is to marry Mr. Basil William Robinson, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Robinson, of Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10



Bassano

Miss Sylvia Margaret Grant, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Grant, of Motts Hill, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Guy Hansard Watkins, Royal Artillery, only son of Col. and Mrs. A. N. M. Watkins, of Milford-on-Sea



Vandyk

Miss Alison Mackenzie, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. Mackenzie, of Postern Gate Farm, South Godstone, Surrey, has recently become engaged to Mr. Colin Denham Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Denham Davis, of Ferriers Grange, Hookwood, Surrey



THE BRISTOL 405 SALOON, latest in the line of Bristol 2-litre cars, is powered by the Bristol type 100B 1971-c.c. engine. In the background is the Bristol Britannia, now on B.O.A.C.'s Atlantic flight

Motoring

DRILL AND TIMING FOR SAFE OVERTAKERS

Oliver Stewart

HEATH



The R.A.C. suggests . . .

That owners whose cars are fitted with oil pressure gauges sometimes find them a mixed blessing as sudden eccentric readings cause worry and concern. However, the gauge is intended primarily as a warning signal and its readings should be kept in perspective.

A considerable drop in pressure indicates excessive bearing clearance and possibly a worn oil pump. This would be normal after a mileage of, say, 50,000.

A drop in pressure as the speed of the car is increased is quite likely to be due to a partially-blocked pump filter.

It sometimes happens, too, that a car appears to be using little or no oil against all the dictates of common sense. This may be due to water getting in the sump and consequently keeping the apparent "oil level" up.

To ascertain if this is so, remove the sump plug after the car has been standing overnight. Any water present will be at the bottom of the sump and will run out first.

ONCE more we have had some official pontification about the risks of overtaking when the conditions are not right. And it is true that misjudgment when overtaking is a frequent cause of accidents. Let us try to remind ourselves of some of the main points to be borne in mind.

As those who have studied the road tests I have included from time to time in these columns will know, the addition of twenty miles an hour to the speed from a crawl to a clean overtaking speed takes something between twelve and twenty seconds. However much power you feel you have in hand when you are drifting along behind a slow vehicle, remember that figure. It differs, of course, with the car and with the initial speed; but I am thinking of a common situation which must carry the car from about ten to thirty miles an hour.

Twelve seconds is a long time. You cannot "flash by" the vehicle in front and therefore you must make certain that there is plenty of room. It is impossible to drive far without seeing someone acting in a manner which shows that he cannot judge that time interval or relate it to his position on the road and the positions of contiguous vehicles. He is the "squeezer," the man who overtakes when he ought to wait and who relies on the other vehicles opening to right and to left to let him through.

Then there is the situation of the overtaken vehicle. If you are following another vehicle, you should adjust your distance behind it to match your intentions. If you are intending to overtake directly the road is clear, you can keep fairly close; but if you are intending to remain behind you should allow a largish interval to open between your car and the vehicle in front. That interval can then be used by anyone who is desirous of overtaking.

BRIG. THOMAS LLOYD's plea that the British railways should be turned into a reserved roadway system was convincingly argued the other day. I think it is about two years since Brig. Lloyd first spoke of this matter at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Now the scheme is in the news again. Readers may remember that the plan is to convert some of the railway permanent ways into high speed roads. I need hardly say that the whole thing has been thoroughly worked out and that the widths of the traffic lanes and of the carriageways have been considered.

An important contention is that the road vehicle can give greater frequency of service than the train. The train must wait until several hundred people have been assembled and loaded before it starts; whereas road vehicles can keep an almost continuous stream of people moving. Undoubtedly the plan is bold and imaginative; but I do not think that it will be accepted. The railways are too well established and, in this country, drastic measures are generally disliked.

The Maserati decision to withdraw from racing will be widely regretted. With a few notable exceptions our own manufacturers are opposed to racing and those of us who enjoy motor sport have had to look to the Italians first and to the Germans second for continuous support. But the economics of racing have always worried those who take part. The publicity obtained is probably exaggerated; or, at least, its commercial value for the selling of ordinary cars is exaggerated. And the cost of running a team of Grand Prix cars is enormous.

It does look as if B.R.M. and Vanwall may have less Continental opposition than had been hoped. That will be a pity. And although there have been hints about Mercedes coming back into Grand Prix racing they are not confirmed, and the return could hardly be accomplished in less than a year.

THE link between the aircraft manufacturer and the motor car manufacturer is not always as noticeable as it might be. Rolls-Royce are the best known of the air-road people; but there are also Alvis and Armstrong Siddeley. And now, particularly in the news, there are Bristol. After many trials and tribulations the Britannia is now on the Atlantic run carrying passengers and operated by the British Overseas Airways Corporation. It is most cheering to see this great corporation at last given a British aeroplane for this important service. Meanwhile my present interest is the Bristol 405 saloon motor car, one of the smartest cars on the road.

I have reported on the road behaviour of the Bristol cars more than once in these columns. The company's policy of giving high performance for a relatively low engine capacity has seemed to me to be justified and most Bristol owners are Bristol enthusiasts. That, surely, is as high a recommendation as there can be.

RECENTLY MARRIED

Left: Farrington—Holman. Mr. Robin Neville Farrington, only son of G/Capt. and Mrs. W. B. Farrington, of Lady Furlong, Bicknoller, Somerset, married Miss Suzanne Mary Holman, only daughter of Mr. Leigh Holman, of Mere, Wiltshire, and of Lady Olivier, of Nolley Abbey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Right: Burland—Odbert. Mr. Arthur Eugene Burland, 4th Queen's Own Hussars, youngest son of the late Mr. G. H. Burland and of Mrs. Burland, of Camberley, married Miss Jennifer Odbert, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. A. N. B. Odbert, Church Crookham, Hants, at Christ Church, Church Crookham, Hants



Van Hallan



Underhill Faithorne—Liddell. Mr. John Underhill Faithorne, only son of the late Lt.-Col. Charles Underhill Faithorne and of Mrs. Underhill Faithorne, of Williton, Somerset, married Miss Daphne Liddell, only daughter of the late Mr. V. McClymond Liddell and of Mrs. V. McClymond Liddell, of Milford-on-Sea, at All Saints', Milford



Marsden-Smedley—King. Mr. Christopher Marsden-Smedley, younger son of Mr. Basil Marsden-Smedley, O.B.E., and Mrs. Marsden-Smedley, of Tedworth Square, S.W.3, married Miss Susan Penelope King, elder daughter of Sir James King, Bt., and Lady King, of Netherbury, Dorset, at St. Mary's Church, Netherbury, Dorset



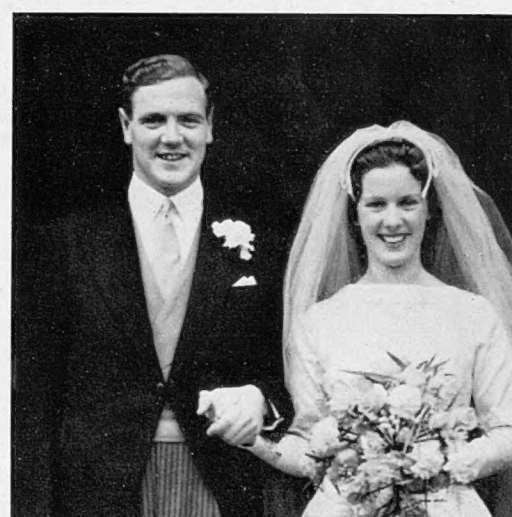
Davidson—Beaver. The marriage took place recently at The Chapel of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, between Sub-Lieutenant Donald M. Davidson, of the Royal Australian Navy, and Miss Tessa Beaver, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Beaver, of Rosewood, The Gateway, Woking, Surrey



Marshall—Earle. Mr. Peter Eric Marshall, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Marshall, of Lichfield, Staffordshire, married Miss Joan Margaret Earle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Earle, of Over Whitacre, Warwickshire, at St. Leonard's, Over Whitacre



Phillips—Jewell. Mr. Leonard John Phillips, son of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, of Trevarner House, Wadebridge, married Miss Nancy Marina Anne Jewell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jewell, of Helland, Bodmin, at St. Mabyn Parish Church



Twogood—Rydon. Mr. Derek F. Twogood, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Twogood, of Little Chalfont, was recently married to Miss Joanna S. Rydon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Rydon, of Pulborough, at Cold Waltham Church

DINING IN

Good resolutions

MAKING New Year resolutions seems to have gone out of fashion. Less often, nowadays, do we hear someone saying, "I am going to do this and that . . ." probably because we are becoming more honest with ourselves and realize that the promises we make are seldom carried out. I, however, believe in resolutions—for instance, "Once a week, at least, I am going to try out a new dish." An end to any sameness in our cookery!

No doubt, this will mean shopping in districts where other than our "normal" kinds of food is sold and buying, say, "exotic" vegetables which we have seen over and over again but never cooked. In my favourite Continental market street in Soho, I have often seen women gazing at aubergines (which, by the way, are in again) and saying, "I wonder how you cook those purple things?" and, in late autumn, when corn on the cob is piled high on the stalls, I have heard them wondering "why people eat them—they are so hard." (The directions in some cookery books are to boil the cobs for 20 minutes "or until tender," which is tantamount to boiling eggs for such and such a time "until soft"!)

Good cooking calls for an adventurous spirit. I find that many busy women who have to use a fair amount of packet or tinned soups add a touch of something seemingly quite foreign to them with the legitimate idea of disguising the fact that they were not home-made.

One recent addition came about this way: I had been given a large packet of frozen prawns by Barnett's, the salmon smokers. I used some of them in prawn croquettes, some in prawn cocktails and some, in place of shrimps, in Sole Dicipoise. The final two ounces went into, of all things, cream of chicken soup! Later, I used a packet of this soup and further prawns. Both times, it was a tremendous success, a delicious combination. Mr. Joe Barnett mentioned this to Mr. T. Bean, the chef of the Reform Club, who put it on his menu as "Velouté de Volaille Hélène" which, Mr. Barnett wrote to me, "puts you in the same class as Dame Nellie Melba, with or without voice!"

Resolve to go adventuring, experimenting, in cookery. In pea soup for four, try adding a rasher or two of bacon, cut Julienne and crisply

fried. When there is a chicken liver on hand, make it into little liver dumplings and boil them in vegetable soup. And here is a wonderfully simple soup: Melt a little butter in a pot, add a chopped onion or leek, 1 lb. potatoes and up to a breakfastcup of chopped watercress. Sweat these together then add just enough water to cook them. Cover tightly and cook for 20 to 30 minutes.

Mash the vegetables well or, for a smoother soup, rub them through a sieve. Add to the purée enough milk to provide 4 to 5 servings and boil up. Season to taste and finish by stirring in a nice lump of butter at the last minute. The butter is the "secret" here. All similar soups are much improved by it. Cream in soups is an "elegant extra" but one does not always have it on hand, whereas butter is always in stock.

RED cabbage is plentiful just now, and a few weeks ago, for the first time for many years, I pickled some. The idea is to get one's husband to prepare it. He will remove all the stout ribs and core and cut the leaves into very slender strips. The next part is easy. Sprinkle about two tablespoons of salt throughout the cabbage—just enough to bring out some of the moisture—and leave it for 24 hours. Drain well and pack tightly into a quart jar. Bring to the boil 1½ pints vinegar, 1 to 1½ oz. pickling spice and a bay leaf and boil for about half a minute. Leave to become cold, then strain into the red cabbage. Adjust the rubber ring and glass cap, then very lightly screw on the metal band. Should any vinegar work through to the metal it may corrode it and it would then be impossible to unscrew the band. The cabbage will be ready in 2 to 3 days. Do not keep it longer than is necessary because it loses its crispness after a while.

Try red cabbage, thinly sliced as above, and sliced or diced apples, slowly cooked in a little butter, a touch of vinegar and sugar to taste. While chestnuts are with us, shell 4 to 5 for each serving of cabbage and cook them well with it. Or cook chipolata sausages with the cabbage. Another dish really well worth preparing is this: Shred a Savoy or hard white cabbage (discarding core and thick leaf ribs). Boil it in the minimum of boiling salted water, for the minimum of time, then drain it well and turn it into a medium thick white sauce flavoured with grated nutmeg.

Spices and herbs are the most exciting accessories in cookery, but, like all accessories, they should be used sparingly. When one is immediately aware of the presence of a spice or herb in a dish, it is altogether likely that too much of it has been used.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Efficiency plus

AN experiment in providing a first-class meal at a very reasonable price, with a minimum of delay, and in comfort for the customer, has been carried out with great success at the Café Royal Promenade.

This is, in fact, the balcony above the main restaurant where they now serve what they describe as the Executives' *table d'hôte* lunch.

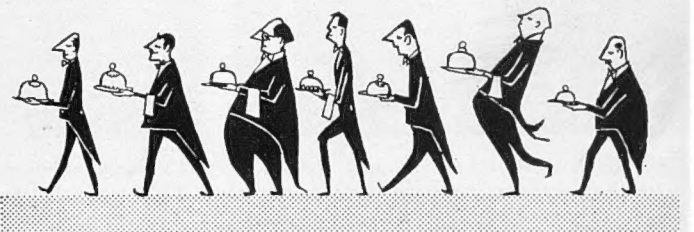
Here one has a fixed menu with no *à la carte* service, of fine quality, and produced at high speed in very comfortable conditions. The set price is 12s. 6d. per head, with wine by the glass or carafe, and there is a variation in the menu every day.

I arrived there on a Tuesday with two friends and we had hare soup, Irish stew with dumplings (the best I have had for years) and a selection of English cheeses, with half a carafe of Rosé, 6s., and a carafe of Burgundy, 13s. (Café Royal house wines, and very good). This excellent meal for three, with two wines, cost only £2 16s. 6d.

In command of the restaurant and the balcony from which this Executives' lunch is served is Barney Labanyi, for so long "King of the Criterion," who was then sent to get the restaurants at London Airport under way, and who has now returned to where he indeed belongs—the West End.

In the evenings the Promenade starts up again at 10 p.m., and for the benefit of all mankind serves suppers (they call them "Soupers") with drinks, provided you are eating, until 1.30 a.m., with music and a small dance floor available. The minimum charge is 7s. 6d., at which price you are offered a choice of six or seven specialities, such as Hangover Broth, which is Sauerkraut soup with cream and sliced smoked sausages, or Reveller's Nightcap, consisting of a goulash broth with diced beef and frankfurters.

And if you feel so inclined, they will even serve you with a pot of tea; an excellent chance to relax after the theatre, the cinema, or for any other reason.



Another establishment where you can lunch, wine or dine in peace and comfort without having to listen to the conversation of the people at the next table is the grillroom at Grosvenor House. This is spacious and restful, the tables are kept well apart, and the service and the food are of the highest quality; and, of course, there is the *maitre d'hôtel* of the grill room, John Piazzoni, who guarantees that you will be well content.

His whole life has been spent in the hotel business, as has his family's, his great-great-grandfather having run a hotel in Milan in 1792. He graduated from the Hôtel de Venise in Menton to the Crillon in Paris and thence to the Berkeley in London, and before reaching Grosvenor House spent twenty-five years at the Savoy, where at the age of twenty-five he became the youngest head waiter on the premises.

He is a master at completing some of his specialities at your table such as Le Suprême de Volaille Royale, which is cooked in brandy in the kitchen and then brought to the table, where he finishes its preparation, making the sauce with more brandy, and adding the heart of an artichoke and asparagus tips, and a whole peach flambé in Cognac. A charming place and a charming person.

It has always been regarded as extremely difficult to provide a good meal for very large numbers of people, and there was a surprise in store for me when I attended the Annual Conference of the Institute of Directors at the Festival Hall. Some 3,800 members sat down in comfort to some excellent smoked trout, turtle soup, cold Surrey chicken with Scotch beef or ham and salad, fresh fruit salad and cream, and a choice of three kinds of cheese. Two wines were served, a Pouilly Fuisse '53 and a Châteauneuf du Pape 1952, and a glass of Cognac with the coffee; a really first-class performance by the caterers who did the job, the old City firm of Ring & Brymer, famed for the turtle soup which they have served at the Lord Mayor's banquet for over 150 years.

—I. Bickerstaff

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